

THE
GALLANT MORISCOES; *K*

OR,

ROBBERS OF THE PYRENEES.

A

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

IN FIVE ACTS.

LONDON:

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THE

GALLANT MORISCOES

ROBERTS & STEPHENS



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE scenes of the following performance are laid in Bigorre, a part of the French Pyrenees ; the vales of which are distinguished by a number of mineral springs, particularly those of Bareges, Cauteres, and Bagneres. Much company from Spain, Berne, and other parts, frequent these waters for the benefit of their health and amusement. The variety of prospects, and the contrast between the sublimity and awful ruggedness of the mountains, their immense chasms and precipices,—and the fertility of the adjoining vales, covered with luxuriant crops and interspersed with winding streams, form a picture highly beautiful and affecting*.

In the romantic and commodious CAVERNS with which these mountains abound, many fugitives from religious persecutions found an asylum, and committed depredations on the travellers that frequented the mineral springs, and sometimes became formidable to the country in general.

The sufferings which the Moors underwent, and their expulsion from Spain, through the false policy and bigotry of the times, have been well described in the history of Philip II. of Spain.

An objection may be made to the mixture of comic and tragic adventures, in the following performance ; but a very able critic in his defence of Shakespeare, observes, that as this is the case in real life, Dramatic Performances, which are understood to be copies of nature, may be justified in the use of such combinations. In truth, the object of the Author in this piece, was his own entertainment, during a confinement, after a severe sickness, and he followed the impulse of his mind on the occasion, without much attention to critical rules and rigid choice of language. If it give the reader as much amusement in perusal, as it yielded him in the composition, the Author will be sufficiently rewarded.

* Voyage dans les Pyrenees, François, &c. Paris, 1789.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON SEBASTIAN

FERDINAND

ANTONIO

OSMIN

BALTHAZAR

DON JUAN, Captain of a Band of Robbers.

ALVAREZ

CLAUDIO

CARLOS

ALONZO

ALBERT, &c.

} Robbers.

Judge and Officers of Patrole.

ROSETTA

LUCINDA

FLORA

DOROTHEA

LEONORA

URSULA

} Servants.

THE
GALLANT MORISCOES;
OR,
ROBBERS OF THE PYRENEES.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Tarbes the Capital of Bigorre, near the French Pyrenees.

Enter DON ANTONIO and DON FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

MUCH of the beauty and the pride of Spain,
Already grace Cautere's min'ral springs,
And court the health-diffusing gales which fan
The vales of Barèges and plains of Luz.

ANT. 'Tis rumour'd, these salubrious baths, this
season,
Will be, once more, with courtly visits honour'd.
None will forget the pomp and majesty
Of Marguerite, sister to the late King Francis,

B

Whose

Whose princely pen has well describ'd her journey:
Nor Abarea, Arragon's first Monarch,
Who here forgot the cares of royalty.

FERD. Here nature with a contrast exquisite,
The beautiful and awful sweetly blends:
Yonder the Pyrenees, with grandeur vast,
Rearing their heads with silver honours crown'd,
As if they propp'd the skies; while on their sides
The mountaineer, leaping from rock to rock,
Pursues the rugged bear: or pensive hears
The gath'ring torrent crash the pendant wood,
Or fall in bright cascades—illumin'd oft
With many a bow of Iris:—or aghast
Sees from some cliff a mighty mass of rocks
Precipitate descend, with deaf'ning sound,
Shaking the earth's deep centre: or pursues
Thro' dark defiles, for many a weary league,
His devious course, where hills to hills oppos'd
With threat'ning fronts, projecting from their base,
Impendent meet and hide the solar beams:
But soon a boundless prospect crowns his view
Of vallies, whiten'd o'er with fleecy flocks,
With rip'ning orchards fill'd, and waving corn,
The chrystal streams meand'ring thro' the meads,
And frequent hamlets smoking o'er the plain.

ANT. In ruddy health and beautiful proportion
Of strength and agile grace none can excel
The hardy, dauntless natives of these climes:
—But tell me, Ferdinand, among the crouds
Who throng this gay resort, is our old friend,
Worthy Sebastian, yet arriv'd from Spain?

FERD. He is,—I fear upon a bootless errand.
You know Don Pedro well, renown'd for wealth
And noble ancest'ry; if fame say true
He is to be Sebastian's son-in-law.

ANT. O shame! to doom the summer-blowing
rose
To wither on the icy breast of winter!

—Ambition

—Ambition thus converts our joys to curses,
 And oft extracts from nature's wholesome gifts
 A deadly poison,—its own punishment.
 But see Sebastian comes with folded arms,
 And down-cast eye.—I'll leave you to yourselves.
 Probe deep his wounds, and give him meet reproof
 With manly freedom.—Adieu good Ferdinand.

Enter DON SEBASTIAN.

FERD. My good old friend, what grief hath pal'd
 your cheek?

—Unlock your breast and let me share its woes.

SEBAST. Our dearest joys are often mix'd with
 pains

As roses with their thorns.—You know my daughter,

—The idol of my heart! the precious casket
 In which the treasure of my peace is lodg'd!

FERD. Sure never spring of youth gave fairer pre-
 sage

Of growing worth—the mark of public gaze,
 And model for her sex's imitation.

—I had a daughter once! She too like your's
 Might now have ting'd my evening clouds with
 gladness:

—But she is set in night!—

SEBAST. Just seen and lost!—the lovely bud was
 blasted

Ere it was blown.—If I remember right,
 On your return to Spain from Vera Cruz,
 With all the fond impatience of a father,
 You press'd to see your daughter, left an infant;
 But, on the road, some cruel spoilers came,
 Who robb'd you of a diamond of such value
 As fam'd Potosi's mines could ill repay!

FRED. They tore her from my heart, and left a
 wound

No charm medicinal, no time can heal;
 It bleeds afresh!—But you who boast a daughter
 Of ripen'd excellence, with every charm
 To win the lover's, glad the father's breast,—
 Of what can you complain?

SEBAST. That she has every grace and every virtue
 A lover or a poet's fancy pictur'd,
 I frankly own; yielding as soften'd wax
 To each impression of her parents' will,
 Howe'er oppos'd to hers.—Hence 'tis I'm
 wretched!

—The honour of my house,—my darling hope,
 To see her fill a shining sphere of glory,
 Robs me of peace.—How can I bear her struggles
 To check or bend her love to my commands,
 Hide with forc'd smiles the pangs which rend her
 heart,

And, like the lamb, with meekness kiss the altar,
 On which her fairest hopes are sacrificed.

FERD. Pardon Sebastian, 'tis unwise and cruel
 To strain too far the string of such obedience.
 You wish her happy;—why then rudely blast
 The heart's best, dearest blessing, mutual love?
 If Osmin be her choice,—no youth in Spain
 Gives richer promise of excelling virtue:
 Tho' adverse storms have tofs'd his youthful bark,
 Experience well repays adversity.

SEBAST. I've gone perhaps too far; But, O for-
 give

My fond ambition for a daughter's glory!
 'Twas rash to banish Osmin from my house,
 And use the sacred cords of filial love
 To force a hated marriage with Don Pedro.
 —But I relent—her choice shall still be free,
 If she be wretched,—farewell peace for me.

SCENE II.

The Road to Caunteres. Night.

OSMIN, BALTHAZAR *his Squire, and* MOUNTAINEERS,
as Guides.

OSMIN. The night is pleasant : but the road rugged and tedious. How far, my honest fellows, is it from this to the village of Bircoſ ?

1st. GUIDE. About two miles. We ſhall be there anon.

2d. GUIDE. Not till morning unleſs we beſtir ourſelves.

OSMIN. Come on then, my friends ; let's push forward like men.

BALTH. If you have any value for me; dear maſter, let us halt, a murrain curry that dog of a landlord for not getting us mules. I am in a thorough thaw ; as completely ſoaked as if I had juſt emerg'd from the fuds. You have no more milk of pity in you than a dried ſtock-fiſh, if you will not ſtop to breathe a little. Conſider the vaſt load I bear,—the baggage on my ſhoulders, a portly comprehensive body, and a mind overburden'd with cares for your welfare.

OSMIN. A little faſting and mortification will be of benefit to both.

BALTH. If that's the caſe, by St. Antony of Padua, I am like enough to be a Saint of the firſt order by this journey. For my ſtomach is now as empty and thriveſt as your purſe; and the mad chaſe we are on, and the dry thin diet of your love, which is ſerv'd up to me from morning till night, is ſufficient to mortify an Anchorite.

OSMIN. No more of that, good Balthazar. If you are wearied of the enterpriſe, you are welcome to return. I aſk you not to ſtir an inch further with me.

me. 'Twas your own propofal to accompany me. —I know by Lucinda's laft letter, that ſhe will paſs the next village to morrow or within a few days, and, if I miſs ſeeing her, ſhe may be loſt to me for ever! I will therefore be there this night.

BALTH. Why my little, peeviſh, tender-hearted milkſop. You know I'd climb the Pyrenees, foreſwear ſtrong potations, or dine on water-gruel for your ſake. But we are not couriers, or the King's expreſs: we need not travel like wild geefe, or other birds of paſſage.

OSMIN. I have told you my buſineſs demands diſpatch.

BALTH. You have often told me, that I have an incurable *vis inertiae* about me. You know I'm not compos'd for rapid motion, except in deſcent, and that my body is as apt to thaw with exerciſe, as my heart is to melt with charity.

OSMIN. Well, well, I grant you may have good nature; but it is ſo clouded, overloaded, and incas'd with that enormous maſs of matter, that ſcarce a gleam of it can break forth to chear a friend. How often have I told you, that Don Sebastian, Lucinda's father, priding himſelf in his family honours, and high deſcent, as a grandee of Spain, has forbidden his daughter to receive any longer my addreſſes!

BALTH. And let me tell you maſter, the world will applaud his diſcretion in keeping up the dignity of his houſe. Is it nothing, think you, to have had his blood run pure for centuries, from the renowned Guzmans?

OSMIN. Curſe on ſuch ridiculous honour! In my notion that's the beſt blood, which warms the heart to intend, and the hand to execute great and good actions, whether it moves in the veins of a beggar or grandee.

BALTH.

BALTH. The value of the metal may be the same, but it will not pass current without the usual stamp: at least not, you find, with Don Sebastian.

OSMIN. No, he prefers the shadow to the substance. He has rejected the simple habitation of love and youth, and will immure his daughter in a splendid monument, adorn'd with escutcheons and mould'ring images of weeping cupids. The fatal day is appointed for her marriage with Don Pedro, and, unless I snatch her from his arms, or move the father to pity, we shall be both undone.

BALTH. Well, don't be angry my love-sick boy. You know I value you as much as myself, and sincerely wish us both happy this night. You, feasting on Lucinda's smiles and encircled in her arms—and I, with a stomach well-lin'd with ragous, snoring in the warm embrace of Morpheus.

But hark, I hear the sound of horses!—Travellers perhaps, who will direct us to some neighbouring inn.

Enter JUAN, CLAUDIO, CARLOS, VINCENTIO, ANSELM, &c. Robbers, armed with Carbines and Pistols.

JUAN. Surround them immediately. Stop and surrender yourselves. You die, if you offer to resist or run. *[The Guides run off.]*

OSMIN. Keep off, approach at your peril. Balthazar! Guides! shew yourselves men!—What is your design? Whence this causeless, hostile attack on the King's high road?

JUAN. Blood! and fury! no words, but deliver up your sword. Resistance is in vain. Seize them and bind them immediately.

BALTH. Spare my life, and take all I have. I'm an honest poor man, not worth your capture. I crave mercy on my knees. Hurt not my precious limbs

limbs—I have a poor wife and ten children, who depend on me for bread.

JUAN. Peace, peace, you gluttonous, over-gorg'd, swag-bellied poltroon, bind him fast and away with him.

CLAUD. The knaves, their companions, have fled and left the baggage behind. The youth (*aside*) made a gallant defence, and might perhaps be persuaded to enrol himself among us.

OSMIN. (*Bound.*) Unfortunate wretch that I am! O cruel disaster! that robs me of every hope of Lucinda. If you are men, if you have pity, which ever distinguishes the brave, either set me free, or take my life. Death to me will be sweeter than captivity, for by captivity I shall lose all that can render life desirable.

JUAN. We have not a moment to lose, either their lives must be forfeited, or we must convey them directly into custody. I'm for immediate execution.

CARLOS. By his rosy cheek, swell'd paunch, and sleek skin, this fellow looks as if he was no bad judge of eating and drinking. What say you,—would he not be useful in the kitchen?

BALTH. Make me cook, scullion, kitchen-wench, or turn-spit; and may heavens bless your honours, you'll find me trusty; only spare our lives.—My master is a great scholar—fresh from Salamanca, he can bleed, blister, set an arm, or cut off a leg, with the best surgeon of them all: and I'm an excellent hand at tossing up a fricasee or ragout. I can dress a calepash or calipe to a hair. I have the best nose and palate in Christendom.

JUAN. Peace you porpuss! or that high-season'd carcass shall be a meal for the fowls of the air. What say you, friends, shall we keep them prisoners?

All. Agreed, agreed.

JUAN. Away then—away! I hear the approach of strangers—away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Spacious Cave, lighted up with Lamps.

Enter Band of Robbers, parading the stage with OSMIN and BALTHAZAR, bound.

JUAN. Is all our troop arriv'd? Come muster
strait.

A bootless venture this,—a luckless night.

CARLOS. None missing; but all hale, and keen as
hounds

To start new game.

JUAN. Conduct these captives bound to separate
cells,

While we retire and fix their destiny.

—But hark! what noise is this?—Be on your guard!
Perhaps 'tis Albert with his band return'd!

Enter ALBERT with a Band.

'Tis he! 'tis he! welcome most noble comrades!
How have you sped this night?

ALB. Bravely my boys! Fortune has made
amends

For past neglect, and crown'd our valour nobly.

[Shew purses and baggage.]

We've eas'd the doating misers of their cares,
And promis'd fair to guard their treasures for them.
But our fatigues demand repose.—Let's in.

JUAN. *(To the servants)* Prepare a gay repast, our
choicest wines!

And, while the mirth-inspiring glass goes round,
We'll count the gains and labours of the day.

CLAUD. The youth, our captive, merits due
compassion!

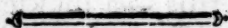
His courage and his mien bespeak his heart

Of nobler mould, not asking harsh restraint.
 Shall we unbind his arms, his grief console,
 And hospitably order meet refreshment?

CARL. Whether we destine him for death or freedom,

The brave will not insult a gallant foe,
 Nor give a wound, unless the cause demand it.

All. Agreed, agreed.



SCENE IV.

The Kitchen.

Enter ROSETTA, DONNA ALVAREZ, LEONORA, DOROTHEA, and URSULA.

URS. Lord have mercy on me! What has brought you all here together. Eh! eh! I smell a rat. What you scent some fresh game, do you? Some new male creatures caught? Why you hover together like crows about carrion, or wasps about honey. I warrant you all know there are two gallants sent home as prizes.

DOR. What then goody turnspit. What if some folks spirits are as much reviv'd by the sight of a fresh face, as mine is by a new cap, or your's by a warm cordial—where's the harm of it. Old as you are, I warrant you have a little itch of curiosity about you, as well as your neighbours.

ROS. I am told the young captive is very fullen, and laments his fate most piteously.

LEON. I went into his cell to offer him a repast: but he sat with his arms folded, seem'd not to see me, and answered only with a sigh. I fear he will do some mischief to himself. He made my heart
ake

ake to see the tears stream down his manly cheeks.

ROS. Well, we can't be blam'd for pitying him.—Perhaps he has a father and mother at home, who will be inconsolable for his loss:—or some fond friend.

DOR. Or rather some fair mistress like you, who will, poor soul! think ev'ry hour an age 'till his return.

ALV. All I have learnt from my husband is, that he is said to be a well educated youth, of some skill in surgery, and that his Squire is thought of for our cook.

URS. Grammercy! I'm very glad of that. For ever since the death of my dear husband Sancho, (heav'n rest his bones,) nothing has been dress'd to their minds. Well, I bless my stars, 'tis an ill wind blows nobody good. I hope their lives will be spar'd—if only through pity to me.

ALV. Can't we hear more of them? A thought strikes me. Doll, you're an artful baggage, suppose you go into the Squire's cell, to mend the light or on some other errand.

DOR. Leave it to me. I'll dive into their secrets and make you a faithful report. *[Exit.]*

ROS. How much I pity this unfortunate captive. Nine years or more have I been immur'd in this prison, without the comfort of parents or relations. Shut out from daylight and deprived of all the pleasures youth can fancy.—But my Claudio's love is some compensation. He was certainly born to better hopes, and his confinement here has sav'd the lives, and mitigated the sufferings of many. He will console the distress of this young stranger, and his courage and prudence will some day deliver us from captivity. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V.

OSMIN in a Cell.

OSMIN. O most disastrous chance!—I'll think
no more!

—No tears, no pray'rs can sooth their flinty hearts.
I courted death:—But they denied the boon.

While in this dreary den I drag out life,

My rival triumphs o'er my love for ever.

She thinks me false, upbraids my treachery,

And trembling, fighting, tears me from her breast.

—Perhaps ev'n now the holy rites are pass'd,

He calls her his and clasps her in his arms!

—Accursed thought! my tortur'd brain's on fire—

Yet one resource is left—I have a dagger—

[Draws the dagger.]

This friend at least will set the pris'ner free.

—Dear maid adieu! may no regret for me,

Disturb the peaceful current of your joys!

—But if remembrance of our former loves,

Should ever fix a thought on wretched Osmin,

O pay this tribute to his pensive shade,

His love, tho' most unhappy, was most true!

But let me pause,—say, shall I tamely shrink

Beneath my woes, and leave my honour stain'd?

When she with noble constancy, may stem

Opposing foes, and live perhaps for me?

Ah, this unnerves my hand!—Avaunt despair!

Her spotless faith shall banish ev'ry fear,

And light the lamp of hope to cheer my bondage.

—Perhaps kind heav'n, that, in its wisdom, oft

The greater good educes from the ill,

May break my chains, and crown my constancy.

'Tis virtue's part the best to will and act,

To brave with courage, or submit with patience,

And leave to wiser fate to fix the issue.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

A large Room with the Robbers seated round a table.

JUAN. Are our horses taken care of and the door of the cavern well secur'd?

ALV. All's well attended to. Snug's the word! we may defy the Alguazils. 'Tis time to relax from business, noble captain your health. What, ho! more lights here.

ANS. Six hampers of wine! no bad prize! of the best sort. I warrant, for it was consign'd to a conclave of jolly monks at the Springs.

JUAN. I warrant the loss will impose a more wholesome mortification and penance, than they have endur'd for their lives.

CAR. That fat dominican has yielded us a noble booty! he was loaded with the price of six years indulgencies. If he could have decently pocketed the fees, he would have given us a plenary one for robbing his master.

ANS. Two thousand ducats! a rare wind-fall my masters. The rogues who purchas'd these passports to heav'n, have wip'd off their score of iniquity with the tears of many a widow and orphan.

ALV. But did you observe the oddity of the little counsellor of Toledo. Use is second nature. When I presented my pistol, he held out his hand for his fee. When I told him to deliver he said, tho' there were many turns in the law, there were no returns. When I order'd him to be brief, he thank'd me for the hint and said, if I ever stood at the bar, I might command his advice and counsel, gratis, on my trial.

ROD. Gallant captain your health, gentlemen all. What success have you had?

JUAN.

JUAN. Nothing but hard blows—A young cavalier and his greasy attendant, who have nothing in their baggage, but flames and darts, sonnets and love epistles.

CLAUD. The youth defended himself bravely, as one who valued not life, and would do no dishonour to our troop. He seems disappointed in his prospects and may probably be dispos'd to join us.

ALON. At the first onset his trusty squire fell prostrate on his face, bedewing the grass with exhalations, and roaring like a town-bull.

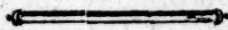
JUAN. They have cost us more than twice their value. My sentence was—Blood for blood, and the sooner we rid ourselves of them the better.

CLAUD. The brave are generous. If we grant him his life, his valour and activity may be useful to us. Or if we chuse not to trust him in the field, he may be serviceable in our domestic concerns.

ALON. Let Claudio, Carlos, Alvarez, and some others confer with him, and give us the result.—As to his jolly counterpart, he seem'd to be a fellow of some humour, and will be no bad recruit to our kitchen.

JUAN. Well, be it so. But mark me. This ill judg'd clemency will, one day, work a mine to our ruin.

[*Exeunt*,



SCENE VII.

BALTHAZAR *in his Cell.*

BALTH. Was ever poor Varlet so maltreated, founder'd and bespatter'd as I am! Pinion'd and fasten'd behind on a galling high-trotting jade, like a miller's sack, or a fatted calf carried to market.
And

And after escaping death from their pistols and toledo's, I am now to be intomb'd alive—Lord have mercy on us! A comfortable situation this indeed, for a man of my complexion! I am as prettily dish'd up as any knight-errant in romance.—Balthazar Loyola! Balthazar Loyola! What dost thou here? Were your brains sun-dried and ev'ry atom of wit exhal'd, to scamper about the country in quest of adventures? Even if I escape with life, my honour will be lost. I shall be caricatur'd on the top of ballads, and be the theme of woeful ditties thro' the streets of Seville and Salamanca. I that in my youth was thought the paragon of prudence, and pointed out as an example of sagacity. Curse on my stars, I shall ever after this, suspect I am no wiser than my neighbours.—

Enter DOROTHEA.

But who is here? A damsel, as rosy as Hebe! Her health bespeaks pity and good cheer—perhaps she may supply my wants. Sweet maiden, or rather mistress of the house, have compassion on a famish'd captive, and, if I am to die in this prison, let me not die in piece-meals, the worst of deaths to me, by thirst and hunger.

DOR. I dare not without leave; but, if it depended on me——

BALTH. Bless your sweet countenance; I was confident you would assist me; for I never knew any of your sex, but the ill-favour'd and antiquated, that were not goodnatur'd and pitiful.

DOR. I thank you for your compliment, Sir. I see you have liv'd among great folks by your flattery.—Alas, Sir! I pity you and your companion, who gives himself up to despair. Have you known him long, Sir? Were you neighbours?

BALTH.

BALTH. Known him! I have lov'd him from a boy, and have grown fat in his father's kitchen. It has been my best road to preferment, from scullion to cook, from waiter to butler: and, if our precious hope of the family had succeeded I might have risen to be major domo, and reached the dignity for which nature and my figure intended me. —I must even submit to my fate and wear my shoe, tho' it pinch my corns:—But sorrow, my dear, is very dry, and misfortunes like mine require a good stock of wholesome diet, as well as patience to support them.

DOR. I'll do my best for you anon. Some refreshment has been order'd for the young gentleman: but he, sweet youth, seems to have little appetite for any thing. He laments himself so sadly, and sighs so piteously, that I could weep with him. I dare say, the poor dear gentleman is in love. How sorry I am for his mistress!

BALTH. Yes, he is a good-hearted youth, and longs as much for his love, as I do for my supper. But if heav'n spare my life, and drought and famine leave me the use of my tongue, I'll tell you all his story, sweet maid, some favourable time.

URS. (*Within*) What Dorothea, Dorothea! ho.

DOR. Coming, coming. Are his father and mother alive? How I pity them.

BALTH. No my dear, his mother died some years ago, and his father Don Francisco, God rest his soul, was buried a twelvemonth past. A worthy gentleman; but unfortunate in his old age, for he left the youth more accomplished in education than wealth. He lov'd and was belov'd by his mistress: but he, in her father's opinion had too little, because she has more than enough for both.

URS. Why Dorothea, Dorothea, is the girl deaf?

DOR. Coming, coming. Is it still to be a match?

BALTH.

BALTH. My dear creature, you shall know all some other time. I'm almost famish'd.

DOR. Have patience, Sir. Some refreshment is preparing. Have patience—Is the marriage——

BALTH. Patience—I am always most patient after a hearty meal; but, mine seems as slow in coming as a husband to an old maid, or a legacy to a ruin'd spendthrift.

DOR. Well, I'll run and see what can be done. But remember you are to tell me all the story. (*going*)

BALTH. Blessings on you, gentle Dorothea, you shall always be remember'd in my prayers.—A charming girl, with most inviting lips: but rather too curious. She would be a most delicious desert after a good meal. Methought she ey'd me rather wishfully. Well I never shall have to answer for the sin of breaking a maiden's heart by my cruelty.

Enter DOROTHEA and LEONORA—Spread the table.

DOR. O here's Leonora with the cloth and some appearances of supper. And Sir, rare news for you! I wish you much joy of your life, and we congratulate ourselves, that you are to be commander in chief of the kitchen.—Shall I help you to the wine?

BALTH. Your healths, sweet girls. You administer, my dear, the best consolation to a man in distress; for in all my journey thro' life, I have found a cup of good wine, and a stomach well lin'd, a better restorative from care, than all the musty saws and dry maxims of the schools.

DOR. Well, tho' I said it myself, who should not, you will find a plentiful and well-stor'd cellar, and Mr. Cook, if you accept the title, you'll not repent your preferment. Come supper will be here anon; don't be fretful and low-spirited.

D

BALTH.

BALTH. Never fear my spirits, good Dorothea. I always take things by the best handle; for I think it the wisest, as they say 'tis politest, to make ev'ry place as easy as home; and if poor Balthazar must drink of the cup of sorrow, it shall not be of his own brewing, and a cheerful mind will sweeten the draught. Come, in return for your civility, I'll give you (while supper is coming) a specimen of my philosophy.

SONG.

Let sages be vain of their maxims and rules,
While their sour, wrinkled faces proclaim them for
fools:

The true art of living, as far as I know,
Is to wrap yourself snug, and take things as they go.

II.

Shou'd good humour'd fortune present me a treat,
A gay laughing heart shall be sauce to my meat;
But if she prove cruel--the best I can do,
Is to wrap myself snug, and take things as they go.

III.

If the girl of my heart give a smile to my suit,
She shall have love for love--and abundance to boot:
If coy--shall I hang, or sit sighing heigh ho!
No--I'll wrap myself snug, and take things as they
go.

IV.

In wedlock, ad'zooks! should I get as my lot
Instead of an angel, a vixen, or sot,
Tho' her thunder be follow'd by rain or by snow,
I'll wrap myself snug, and take things as they go.

Will

V.

Will grief cure the tooth-ache, or cancel a debt?
 Will duns, or the gout be assuag'd by a fret?
 Repining and whining but double our woe,
 So I'll laugh and be fat, and take things as they go.

VI.

This life is a sea—then let prudence preside,
 And honesty still be my compass and guide;
 My great coat is patience,—then blow high or low,
 I'll wrap myself snug, and take things as they go.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Chamber in the Cave.

Enter OSMIN, CLAUDIO, CARLOS, ALVAREZ,
 ALONZO.

ALVAREZ.

COME noble youth, dispel this melancholy!
 Our wish is to enroll you in our bands,
 Or make captivity less galling to you.

ALON. Think not ignobly of us, gentle stranger,
 Necessity alone impels our arms,

D 2

Not

Not uncurb'd licence, and low thirst of plunder.
 Within the windings of these hollow mountains,
 Dwell num'rous troops, whom persecution's scourge
 Drove from the haunts of men.

CAR. ———— Our fathers, friends,
 Were brave Moriscoes, whose industrious arts
 Commerce and patient labours were to Spain
 Of higher value than the western world.
 Thousands enrich'd with blood Grenada's plains,
 Or weep out weary life in banishment.

ALON. Oft too these fertile vales have smok'd
 with blood

Of gallant Albigers—O impious deed!
 O dire example of fanatic zeal!
 When to Beziers, the persecuted victims
 For refuge fled, and Simon Count of Montfort,
 (Mov'd with compassion at the gen'ral carnage.)
 Press'd that the sword might slay its fatal ravage,
 Nor slay the faithful with the heretic.

"Kill all! Kill all!" cried bloody Dominic,
 "Lest any of th' accursed sect escape.
 "Leave it to heav'n, hereafter to distinguish
 "Its chosen children from th' apostate crew."

OSMIN. O that religion,—richest boon of heav'n,
 To cheer, expand, and elevate the soul,
 To teach dim erring virtue's end and aim,
 Link heart to heart, confirm the social bond,
 And form on earth a paradise of peace,
 That she, meek herald of philanthropy!
 Shou'd be the servile pander of ambition,
 The tool of fraud, and hood-wink'd superstition!
 The woe-denouncing trump of civil war!
 Dissolve the ties of brother, father, friend,
 And tear each soft affection from the bosom!

ALV. Time never from my memory can blot
 The fatal scene,—when Philip's stern decree
 Exil'd our wretched race to Afric's shores,

Leaving

Leaving no choice but death or banishment,
Or worse than death, to damn the faith we lov'd.

ALON. O spectacle of woe!
The weeping mother pray'd, in vain, to take
A last embrace from her fond, trembling children;
—Devoted to some dark monastic cell,
To purge the errors of their parents creed.
Thousands were cramm'd in pestilential wombs
Of ships ill-freighted for the adverse shore,
To fall by famine, poverty, disease;
Or, happier victims! by the native's hands.
A few of us surviv'd—if life 'tis call'd
To lurk sequester'd in these gloomy dens,
And prowl, like hungry wolves, at night for prey.

OSMIN. Heav'n knows I pity you; for, oft my
father
Has told the moving tale, and wept to see
The sun of Spain descending from its zenith
Rest of its beams, a bloody sign to nations!

ANS. So let it be—till woes on woes encreasing,
The arts departing and dismember'd empire,
Shall warn her to respect the heav'n-taught lesson,
That freedom is the sacred right of all —
The nurse of commerce, industry, and arts,
The firmest base of public peace and glory!

CLAUD. I know your honour's pure as fleecy snow
That hangs tremendous o'er the mountains brow;
But melted down by persecution's fires,
Or by the head-long current of the times,
It changes to a torrent dark and dreadful
Rushing impetuous down o'er ev'ry mound,
And bearing death and ravage in its course.

ALON. Tho' fierce as tigers in the heat of battle
We feel compassion for the fallen foe,
And aim to conquer hate, and bind allegiance
By deeds of confidence and courtesy.
—But duty calls us.—Our commission with you
We leave to Claudio, and your future judgment.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent

Manent CLAUDIO and OSMIN.

CLAUD. Believe me, Signior, I pity your misfortune: but a mind brave as yours, will rise above it.

OSMIN. Accept my gratitude for your well intended mercy: but, say on what terms? Am I to be free, or pass my life in bondage?

CLAUD. We are all so convinc'd of your merits, that we think it an honour to call you one of ourselves. Plenty and festivity will reward your courage and services in the field.

OSMIN. Perish life rather than accept of it, on such conditions. I am in your power, 'tis true; but, my honour is in my own keeping.

CLAUD. Generous youth! How much I aspire to deserve your friendship. Your steady virtue shews I may rely on you with safety. I have pleaded for your life, and sav'd it, and freely risk my own in your hands.

OSMIN. Whatever honour will justify, you may command from me.

CLAUD. Know then—I detest the life I lead. Born of no ignoble parents, and with all the advantages of education, I wasted a liberal fortune in licentiousness. A cruel creditor wrested from me my little all, and afterwards threw me into prison. Escaping thence, I meant to earn an honest livelihood by arms; but being, unfortunately, attacked and made prisoner, by the band that occupy this cavern, after long fruitless endeavours to be freed, I was induc'd to join them, in hopes, that their confidence and some opportunity would favour my escape. Hitherto I have been unsuccessful; but heav'n may yet be propitious to my wishes.

OSMIN. I pity much your hard case: and will contribute all in my power to our deliverance.

CLAUD.

CLAUD. You may be greatly instrumental to my freedom and your own. By assuming cheerfulness and gaining an ascendancy over the band, (which your abilities will soon give you) we may secure our escape.

OSMIN. Never, Claudio, never, will I stain my honour for the best purposes. If I am doom'd to pass a wretched life in this gloomy sepulchre, I will submit with patience: but I will never sacrifice what is dearer than even freedom—the approbation of my own mind.

CLAUD. Even yet we may cherish hope. We have long wanted one to assist us, in the medical art. Your servant informs us you have some skill in surgery; this will recommend you to protection, and when suspicion is remov'd, the path to freedom will be open.

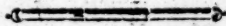
OSMIN. Whatever I can do to be useful, without partaking of their guilt, you may command me in: but I fear our deliverance will be too late to save me from ruin: the truest, best of women will, in my absence, fall a sacrifice to parental ambition.

CLAUD. Even here also I can sympathize with you. For know, gallant youth, that in this cavern is confin'd—all that my heart holds dear. She wants, indeed, the polish of education: but intrinsically like an unwrought diamond, possesses ev'ry grace and virtue. O! how happy will be the day when I can restore her to light and liberty.

OSMIN. Give me your hand. From this hour, our hearts and fates shall be entwin'd. I will endeavour to subdue my feelings, and suit myself to my condition. On you I shall rest to contrive a favourable plan for escape. You shall never repent of your confidence.

CLAUD. Adieu my friend; for I will call you such. O that I had possess'd resolution to have maintain'd the same un sullied honour: but, by re-
pressing

pressing the cruel and saving the lives of the innocent, I may have aton'd for sacrificing strict justice to prudence and policy. *[Exeunt.]*



SCENE II.

Enter ROSETTA and DONNA ALVAREZ.

ROS. When shall we have an excursion into the country? It is now spring, and a view of the green fields, and the trees in bloom; inhaling the balmy breezes, and list'ning to the music of the birds, will give me an inexpressible delight after so long a confinement in these subterraneous regions. Say, dear mother, for so you have always taught me to call you, when shall be the happy day?

ALV. Be not impatient my dear child. Our band has been so much engag'd in serious business, that we have had no room lately for an excursion of pleasure; and you know we are never suffer'd to go out alone. Claudio, I'll answer for it, will seize the first opportunity to oblige you.

ROS. I see you wish to divert my request by railery; but I know your good-nature will grant it as soon as possible.

ALV. Fie, fie, Rosetta, your blushes, and confusion betray you: but, why make a myst'ry of an attachment, which we all know, and approve. There is not a more accomplish'd youth in the troop than Claudio.

ROS. A truce to hostilities: I am not insensible of the high deserts of Claudio, and your goodness will make me always regard you as a mother, and the best of friends. You have rear'd me up with the tenderest care, instructed me with assiduity, and reliev'd

liev'd by your smiles the horrors of confinement, and the long loss of parents, and relatives.

ALV. You have more than repaid my little attentions. They were the result of affection, which I conceiv'd for you, at our first interview. Don Alvarez had often heard me wish for some female companion, to console me for the loss of my own children, and amuse me in this dreary retreat, whither our misfortunes drove us. When you and your female attendants were seiz'd by our band, on a journey to meet your father, he dismiss'd them, and brought you here with your cloaths, and jewels, which bespoke no obscure birth. You could not have been more than eight. You extended your little arms, ran to my embrace, bath'd my face with your tears, and cried, "Dear mother protect me! shield me!" and, while I live, you shall never want a friend!—But here comes Leonora, and Dorothea.

Enter LEONORA and DOROTHEA.

DOR. We're all alive in the kitchen: our new cook, Balthazar, has sleek'd the wrinkles of even old Urfula by his pleasantries. Ay more,—by his amorous glances and significant leers, I think I may boast of a conquest.—No small feather in the cap of a maiden of thirty. Come, I shall begin to hold up my head, and practice a little, mistress, at your toilet.

LEON. Shame on it, Doll, to set a cap at my game. You are an interloper; you have no right to poach on our premises, the kitchen, and rob Urfula and me of our dues.

DOR. Well, well, divide him between you; for, half of him will make a proper man.

Ros. Is the youth, his master, reconcil'd to his fate?

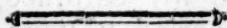
E

LEON.

LEON. He and Claudio are inseparable companions. And I have heard he is to be our physician in ordinary. Dorothea means this day to have a tooth drawn by the sweet gentleman, and Ursula will consult him about her corns. I shall myself apply to him for some cosmetics to brighten my complexion, as I aim at new conquests.

ALV. Go! go! you are a wild baggage; the bell rings for you, you're wanted.

DOR. But that Claudio is so true-hearted and constant, my young mistress might have occasion to give him a fee for some hearts-ease, or a powerful sleeping draught. [Exeunt.]



SCENE III.

The Kitchen.

Enter URSULA, LEONORA, DOROTHEA, BALTHAZAR.

BALTH. Come your testers, girls, no penny no Paternoster. Dame Ursula, expand your digits, and hear your fortune.—Now by St. Gregory, a most promising palm. Here's peace and plenty.—But, O that fatal angle near your fore-finger! I see your destiny has been cross'd. You would else, ere now, have been madam Ursula, with a hoop and fardingale, and a dozen lackeys at your heels. A plague on the wars, say I.

URS. Mercy on us! He certainly deals with Dr. Faustus, or Old Nick. Say no more. 'Tis all true as I'm a sinner; pray go on.

BALTH. Three did I say? Ay, three comely cavaliers wou'd have given their mustachios for a smile: but you was hard-hearted, and like an ass between

two

two bundles of hay. So they foreswore love, follow'd the drum, and were food for crows.

URS. Eh, eh! Poor dear gentlemen! you make me weep. As pretty cavaliers as ever danc'd a faraband. See what it is girls! not to be wise in your prime,—not to make hay when the sun shines? I am determin'd to be more gentle for the future, and have no more dying lovers to answer for.

BALTH. Now your hand, sweet Leonora. O, it's of a moist and pulpy mould. Let me see.—

LEON. What's the creature about. You've squeez'd my fingers to a mummy.

BALTH. Ay, here it is. That swelling hillock denotes fertility. Half a dozen plump lads at the least. You were born under Gemini. Whom you wish you shall have—if you know how to get him. You will never break your heart in love: but, I see many will die for you, if you prove cruel to them all, and they fall martyrs to constancy—What's here—two transverse lines—signifying that you will die an old maid.

LEON. O lud, lud! I am sure you're a false prophet.

BALTH. No, no! You shall be married to a rich cavalier, with a red beard and broad shoulders. He will leave you a widow in two years, and if you die not of grief you may chance to get a second.

LEON. If that's the only impediment, I shall reckon upon a dozen.

DOR. Give me a chance—here tell my fortune Mr. Conjuror.

BALTH. What have we here? good symptoms in ev'ry line. Now, if I'm not a knave, this is one of the prettiest, promising palms ever press'd by a lover, or gaz'd on by a sage. You are (to be plain with you) to be long in a humble station, not knowing your own value. But the fates destine you for a man of great worth.

E 2

DOR.

DOR. I thank you, and the fates, for your goodwill—What kind of a person is my hopeful gentleman to be?

BALTH. A good-natur'd fellow—buffeted about, indeed, by blind fortune, tho' fit to govern those who command him. Neither too fat nor too lean. Rather handsome than otherwise. One whose honest frank disposition inclines him to thrive well; with a smooth, rosy countenance, in the vigour of manhood; personable and august in his appearance, and altogether like—your humble servant.

DOR. If I'm to have no better luck, give me back my money. Why you are old enough to be my father. Sooner than be coupl'd to you, I'd marry a bag of wool, or fore swear the sex and die a nun.

BALTH. Do you call me old? What signs of age have I about me? Is not my appetite good? Do I quarrel with my meals? Am I impatient of my bed? A chider of the flow-pac'd night? Have I a shrunk shank? Or a shrill treble in my voice?

DOR. No, no! You have few signs of abstinence about you: you are rather gross beyond all compals and comprehension.

BALTH. 'Tis true I'm somewhat corpulent: but, what of that? It indicates a contented mind, which converts my meals to substantial nourishment. No pining envy, no sordid avarice, no carking malignity lurks here. Much thinking and study for my master's good, may have brought too early and untimely symptoms of age, and wisdom on my brow: but your smiles will revive the dormant boy in me, and thaw the ice of grey bearded philosophy.

DOR. Fie upon you, Balthazar; a cap and bells will suit you as well as pretensions to love and gallantry. But if you will have a mistress, let me recommend Ursula to you. 'Tis time for you to think of a nurse and warm flannel.

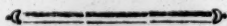
DOR.

DOROTHEA *Sings.*

When cupid, at three-score attacks an old Don,
 His wits take a nap, and his prudence is gone,
 He dances, and prances, talks nonsense, looks queer,
 Grows briskish, and friskish, like bottled small beer:
 —But tell him, sweet girls, when he swears you are
 coy,
 “ Home, home, to your nurse and your flannels, old
 “ boy!

II.

O! I had a lover, when just at sixteen,
 A spruce, rakish daddy as ever was seen;
 He giggled and wriggled, hopp'd,—rode on a stick,
 And call'd me his deary, his sweetie, his chick,
 He swore too he'd marry his Dolly, his joy!
 But I sung—“ to your nurse and your flannel, old
 boy.” [*Exeunt.*]



SCENE IV.

OSMIN *and* CLAUDIO.

OSMIN. Your gen'rous friendship Claudio, has
 restor'd
 My life, and kindled ev'ry dormant hope:
 But still a load hangs heavy on my heart.

CLAUD. What means my friend? speak freely and
 command me.

Osmin can never ask, what honor wou'd not,
 And therefore may depend on prompt obedience.

OSMIN. Too oft you've heard the story of my love.
 —Ere this Lucinda is at Bareges,

Cr

Or on the neighb'ring road,—there I engag'd
 To meet her, and, to make one last effort
 To change her father's purpose: But, alas!
 Who knows what disappointment may produce?
 What strong occasion from her doubts and fears
 My foes may take to alienate her heart?

CLAUD. It is a mournful crisis, and bespeaks
 Attention, and condolence.

OSMIN. O! were it possible her gentle breast
 Cou'd know the pangs and terrors of her Osmin?
 What dire necessity compels my absence,
 Her pity would my guardian angel prove
 And ev'ry pearly drop she sheds for me,
 Be balmy dew to foster our affection.

CLAUD. Your case, tho' doubtful, Osmin, is not
 hopeless.

Perhaps in our excursions hence t'morrow,
 I might procure some peasant to convey
 A letter to Lucinda, couch'd in terms
 Ambiguous and obscure to all but her.

OSMIN. The place and circumstance of my detention

Shall be conceal'd.—O noble best of friends!
 Let not your zeal to help a hapless stranger
 Betray you to imprudence.—When will come
 The happy hour, when Osmin may repay
 His growing debt of gratitude and friendship?

CLAUD. Think only, that I wish to act for you,
 As you with friendly warmth wou'd do for Claudio,
 And strike the balance even. Adieu.

OSMIN. O joy-diffusing friendship! whose mild
 hand

Can wind the dart from sorrow's fest'ring wound,
 And charm the warring passions into peace!
 Thou sun of life! whose bright and chearing beams
 Exhale affliction's tears, and spread a smile
 O'er all the face of Nature!—Her fair scenes

From

From thee still fairer seem,—her fullen clouds
Gilded by thee with golden honours shine!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Enter DOROTHEA and LEONORA.

DOR. Look in my face, Léonora! Do you see any thing wanton in my eye? Any lineaments in my face, that cry, "Sir you are heartily welcome?" What cou'd have encourag'd this mass of concupiscence to insult me with his freedoms? He has had the impudence to ask an assignation of me.

LEON. What Balthazar! The unconscionable lecher! Why he has sworn, that I have pierc'd his heart with as many holes as a nutmeg-grater; and that he wou'd stick as constantly to me as his meals?

DOR. What say you if we punish his vanity, and work up a little farce for our masters.

LEON. You're a girl of spirit: give him encouragement, and exchange beds with Ursula. Leave the issue to their ingenuity.

DOR. Let's away and inform Donna Alvarez of our plot. 'Twill create some sport for us all.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter CLAUDIO and ROSETTA.

CLAUD. Time steals apace—and I must leave you,
love.

Ros. You know not, Claudio, half the pangs I
feel,

When

When duty calls you hence.—I count your dangers,
And oft times paint you bleeding with your wounds,
Or doom'd to perish by the axe of justice.

—O, as you love Rosetta's peace, beware,
Risk not too much! let not rash valour bear you
Into the hottest fight!

CLAUD. Your love shall be my shield! your
fainted virtues
Will plead to heav'n, and draw down blessings on
me!

Ros. O, that kind fate had fix'd my humble lot
In some sequester'd cottage, where my task
Had been to ply the loom, or tend some sheep,
Upon the grassy mead! how pleas'd I'd toil
Thro' all the sunny day and dewy eve,
And share my joys and labours with my Claudio.
But peace is lost to me—a helpless orphan,
Who never knew the bliss of filial love,
The tender blandishments of child and parent.
The seasons smile in vain—one dreary night
Fills up the circle of my years—and freedom,
Which smooths the beggar's couch, and cheers his
fasts,

Will ever be a stranger to Rosetta!

CLAUD. O, say not so my love! let hope's fair
beams

Exhale those pearly drops—of pow'r to soften
A heart of adamant! Am I not your's?
In me behold a brother, father, friend,
And (if the fates confirm our vows) a husband,
To watch each dawning wish, to soothe your cares,
And shield you in his bosom from the storm!

Ros. Claudio, I know your gen'rous temper well:
—But, O, I fear myself, unskill'd in life,
Unpractis'd in the arts which grace my sex,
Comparison will sink my fancied charms,
And you, perhaps, repent you knew Rosetta.

CLAUD.

CLAUD. Sooner the summer breeze shall overset
These everlasting hills. I found thee here
A flow'r that grac'd the wild with native charms;
My joy shall be to prop its languid head,
Bent by the blasts—transplant it in a soil,
Whose warmth shall call its latent beauties forth,
Then boast it mine, and wear it in my bosom.

ROS. My wishes and my fears distract my heart.
It cannot be! Think in escaping hence
What perils threat your life; and, losing you,
Bereft of ev'ry joy, this form would be
My spirit's sepulchre—a living tomb.

CLAUD. Fear not! 'twill all be well; already fate
Has plac'd another arrow in our quiver.
Osmin is brave,—a lover!—His misfortunes
Will melt his heart to aid and pity ours.
I've told him of our story, and I find him
Form'd for our views, and prompt for noble daring.

ROS. Yet ere you leave me, Claudio, let me
charge you,
Be mindful of yourself—and in the battle,
Think poor Rosetta's love, her hopes, her life
Hang on her Claudio's safety.

CLAUD. Farewel, dear maid! and may each smiling
bliss
That waits on virtue's train, be ever yours.

[*Exeunt.*]

F

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*A Village on the road to Bareges.**May-Pole with Garlands, Mountaineers, Shepherds, and
Shepherdesses dancing.**LUCINDA, FLORA, and other Spectators.**Song by the Youths and Virgins.*

MELTING from the snowy steeps,
 Hark the swelling torrent sweeps,
 Now the zephyr's balmy wing,
 Speaks the sweet return of spring;
 Daïsies pied and silver thorn
 Shed their fragrance o'er the morn.
 On the bosom of the stream
 Plays the sun's enamour'd beam,
 And in chorus ev'ry grove
 Pours the melting strains of love.
 Basking in the vernal heats
 The pulse of age more nimbly beats;
 Valour leaning on his spear,
 Bends his furrow'd brow to hear;
 Industry forgets his toil,
 Sorrow wears a transient smile,
 While the youths and virgins sing,
 Welcome to returning spring.

[*Exeunt.*]

FLO. Dear mistress be not so melancholy, you
 lose all the pleasures of the country. You seem in-
 sensible to the festivity of these rural sports.

LUC. I am indeed. Alas! they but increase my
 gloominess by the contrast.

FLO.

FLO. Be not dishearten'd, but hope the best. Osmin will yet be here, or meet us on the road. I'd stake a year's wages on his fidelity.

LUC. I know not what to think. Difficulties press me on all sides. He should have been here ere this. For my letter inform'd him of our purpose to set off some days past, and my father's illness has delay'd us longer than we expected. Are you sure you sent the letter.

FLO. It was deliver'd into his own hands, I warrant you.

LUC. I fear then some cross accident:—But even that would be less painful to me than a suspicion of his love. O, Flora! You know not the pangs which agonize the mind suspended between hope and fear. How heavy the moments pass till the curtain is drawn, and the important crisis determined!

FLO. Might I advise—my fate should not depend on the constancy or success of a lover. Rather than be tack'd for life to an old dotard (the living to the dead) like Don Pedro—I'd—you'll pardon me mistress, I'd say your humble servant, and—elope.

LUC. No more of that Flora. I detest your counsel, and only that I know you speak from ignorance and are prompted by friendship, I would discard you from my service. What! should I plant a dagger in the breast of the most indulgent parent? He whose supreme wish from my infancy, has been to make me happy. Even in the present instance, 'tis my honour, my felicity he most devoutly, tho' erroneously, intends by the propos'd match with Don Pedro.

FLO. I—I—only meant to speak of myself—what I would do.—To be sure where a person has a father like yours—'tis another matter.—In that case it would be very wrong indeed.

LUC. All I shall do, is by patience, tears and intreaties to melt him to forbearance. Don Pedro I

can never marry. Duty will not oblige me to make myself miserable thro' his mistake: But I should never pardon myself if I could pursue my own wishes, however fond, and marry another in disobedience to the commands, and at the risk of my father's peace. In my mind, she who is not tender of her *parents* repose, gives a bad presage of her attachment and fidelity as a *wife*!

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEBAST. What ho daughter! are you almost ready to set off? A pox on this gout of mine! like an unreasonable visitor, it has cross'd my way, and retarded our journey beyond all patience. Don Pedro will think it an age, and I shall lose my character for punctuality.

FLO. We have little baggage, Sir: and will wait your commands in a few moments.

SEBAST. But, my dear, why this cloud on your brow? You who were the very essence of mirth and gaiety. Revive your spirits and elevate your father, as usual, by your cheerfulness.

LUC. Absence from home sits a little awkward at first. I never feel more happiness than when I can contribute to yours. But—but—(*weeps*) the fatigue of the journey may have discompos'd me.

SEBAST. I fear, I fear, Lucinda, your imprudent attachment to Osmin has not yielded to what you owe to the honour of your family.

LUC. No attachments of mine shall dishonour my friends: but wealth and titles may be too dearly purchas'd.

SEBAST. You are the only hope of the family. I am old, your brother is dead, and an alliance with Don Pedro can alone support our drooping house. How can the honour of a connection with the noble blood of Guzman, be too dearly purchas'd?

LUC. By the peace of your daughter.

SEE.

SEBAST. It is your unfortunate prepossession for Osmin, that blinds you to the merits of Don Pedro.

LUC. The worth, the constancy of Osmin, 'tis true, I cannot forget. But they shall never make me forget what I owe to you. My love, my health, my life, I would readily sacrifice to please the best of fathers: but he is too generous to ask me to forfeit my peace, my honour, by giving my hand to a man to whom I can never give my heart. You never cou'd derive pleasure from the misery of your daughter!

SEBAST. This tenderness subdues my soul. Rise my dear Lucinda—I know not what to do. I will never force your inclinations. Time may perhaps convince you of the wisdom of my views, in wishing your union with wealth, prudence and grandeur.—Recover your spirits, and receive Don Pedro with respect. His merits and assiduity may conquer your aversion.

LUC. Whatever the affection and submission of a daughter can do, I will endeavour.

SEBAST. Adieu then for the present. I go to prepare every thing for our departure. [Exit.

Enter FLORA.

FLO. Rare news mistress! never complain of fortune. See, what we have here. I can swear to the hand writing! (*gives a letter.*)

LUC. Where did you get it, dear Flora? 'Tis certainly his. I'm almost afraid to open it. How much a long journey weakens the nerves! How came you by it?

FLO. A peasant who was saunt'ring, and watching about the door and kitchen, ask'd your name of me in the entry, and slip't it into my hand.

LUC. Well, heigho! whether the contents be pleasant or painful,—I'll open it—any thing is better than suspense. (*reads.*)

LETTER.

LETTER.

"A most unforeseen and inevitable misfortune prevents me from meeting you. When it will be in my power, it is impossible to promise. Of this be certain, that want of zeal and attachment has no part in it. O! Preserve your confidence in me unabated. The hope of your constancy is my only support in my misfortunes. Time will unravel all. 'Tis uncertain whether this will reach you: but absent, or present, your felicity is the fondest wish of the unfortunate OSMIN."

FLO. "*Unfortunate*" indeed. Sweet gentleman. I told you madam, nothing but some dreadful accident could detain him.

LUC. Alas! Alas! Who knows what may have befallen him? Don Pedro's jealous temper. He may have known of his journey. These roads are dangerous. I know his intrepidity. Some rencounter! Some fatal wound! Perhaps mortal!—At least to endanger his life.

FLO. Do not distress yourself, dear mistress, by imagining the worst.

LUC. I am confident, his love, his anxiety, would make him surmount ev'ry common difficulty. 'Tis a fatal blow I fear! my wretched heart akes for him.

FLO. Console yourself, dear madam.—I always told you it could not be want of love. I knew he would prove true; my life for it.

LUC. He subscribes himself—"Unfortunate Osmin!" No, whatever may be your present distress, —wherever you are, in whatever difficulties involv'd, you shall never be *unfortunate*, if it depend on the constancy and affection of the wretched Lucinda:—But, my father waits—I go with a heavy heart like a prisoner to execution.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.—*Cave.*—*Night.*

BALTHAZAR *with his Night-cap and Slippers.*

BALTH. Sure Venus was the ascendant planet at my birth. I shall have work enough here on my hands. Two maidens already in love with me. Thanks to my education and a good person. The one flatters them into an appetite for the feast, and the other cries "cut and come again!—I fear I shall have a storm of jealousy about my ears. Dorothea and Leonora, like Alexanders, are my rival queens; for it's the fate of us great men to be pester'd with wenches. But here will be no daggers and poisons; nothing but long nails and trenchers—Poor simple damsels, how easily they are beguil'd? What mischief a man does by a smooth tongue, and an agreeable figure! 'Tis time for me to spare my conquests, and hang up my arms.—But it's late—I must be moving. Dorothea, the poor dear creature will be dying with expectation. Soft—let me on. [*Steals softly to the Room.*]

BALTHAZAR *approaches URSULA's bed, who holds him by the ears, and hair.*

URS. Rape! Murder! thieves! O, I'm undone for ever! help! murder! thieves! lights! O, the villain! the villain! take him, secure him!

Enter DON JUAN, CARLOS, and Robbers, in general, with Women.

JUAN. Death and damnation! what's the matter? Call every man to his post. An assault, an assault! what, ho! lights! stand to your arms!

ALON. Cut the rascal into atoms! Carbonado him! there's treason overt. Hack him to death.

BALTH. (*Still held by the ears.*) O Lord! O Lord! I'm fascinated, murder'd, and strangled. O spare my

my life, sweet masters! I'm no traitor; but bewitch'd by this old forceress.

URS. Take him, take him. Eh! eh! Spare his life, and limbs, that he may make me amends. O, I shall never dare to shew my face again in modest company. My reputation is lost for ever. I never gave him encouragement; tho' he has often tamper'd with my virtue!

BALTH. By her that bore me—I'm as innocent as a lamb unborn. That I should come to this.—I had just said my prayers and went quietly to sleep; when her infernal witchcraft convey'd me here. 'Tis all a dream.—I had rather have been hugg'd by a bear than this she-devil. I shall carry the marks to my grave.

JUAN. Silence, you hogshhead of iniquity. No equivocation will do. You have been caught in the fact. You have tarnish'd the honour of the house. Away with him.

BALTH. Mercy, mercy, good gentlemen.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Council Chamber.*

OSMIN, CLAUDIO, JUAN, &c.

CLAUD. You have no objection, Osmín, that we punish your servant's wantonness, and create some merriment for ourselves.

OSMIN. Not in the least. He richly deserves it, and I will readily assist in the diversion.

JUAN. If you could prepare us some innocent opiate to throw him into a sound sleep, we might administer it to him as poison, and try the force of imagination. This will give scope to humour, for the rogue is an original, and has much pleasantry about him.

OSMIN. Much merriment may be drawn from it. I'll hasten and prepare the opiate for you. *Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.—DON JUAN *in the chair of state. Robbers and Spectators round the table, and BALTHAZAR and URSULA at the bar.*

JUAN. (*Affectuoso*) Signiors and comrades! meet
it is we keep

The order of our house: In lack of which
The best pois'd states have totter'd into ruins.
This fellow at our bar, tho' pamper'd high
With all the sweets and dainties of our kitchen,
In breach of hospitality, has dar'd
To spoil this ancient Virgin of her honour,
Which, like a thrifty miser, she had guarded
For sixty years.

URS. No, please your honour, not sixty. I was
only fifty, last Candlemas, wanting four days.

ALON. Peace, peace,—no interruption.

JUAN. Such crimes,—besides annoyance of our
peace,—

We cannot, Sirs, forgive.—My sentence is
That he shall pay the forfeit with his life:—
Or, if soft pity move the maiden's heart,
Repair her wounded honour with his hand.
—What say you Ursula?

URS. I am in such a perturbation I cannot speak.
My face feels like fire, and is as red as half-roasted
beef. Mercy on me that I should come to this
shame!—But no one shall say that any man was
brought to an untimely end thro' love of me. As
I'm a christian I should never sleep quietly in my
bed. Well, gentlemen, on consideration, and to
oblige you, I'll pardon the wrongs he has done me,
if he will marry me, and make me an honest wo-
man.

BALTH. Worthy Don Juan, gentlemen all, hear
me upon my defence. Look in her face and you'll
acquit me. Look! is there ought there that would

G

tempt

tempt a man to risk his life. By the beard of St. Thomas of Compostella, and all the holy virgins, I swear, I know not whether she is man or woman. But this I know, that I am one of the most ill-starr'd bamboozled blockheads on two legs.

ALV. No more words—you must e'en take her for better or worse!

BALTH. Take her—*better* she never will be, and *worse* she need not be, in all conscience. Sooner shall the peacock couple with the owl, or these legs of mine bestraddle a broomstick, and ride behind a witch to a conventicle of imps.

JUAN. What! scorn the mercy of the court. No more, I'll hear no more, to instant execution. Bind him and fix him in a chair. (JUAN descends and BALTHAZAR is bound.)

JUAN. Is the dagger and the poison ready?

BALTH. What shall I do——

A curs'd dilemma this—on one side marriage,
A bitter pill at best!—With an old woman!
Worse and worse—to bear within my breast
As in a scabbard, a sting to fret and goad me,
—A smart perpetual blister on my back,
Till death us part. The grave, at least, is quiet!
No duns, no brawling tongues, will break my slumber.

But then to die—to die—to have cold steel
Run like ice-cream, in summer, thro' my bowels,
Or poison, like a bonfire, in my entrails.

CAR. Come, no delay,—take Urfula to wife,—
Swallow this deadly draught, or expect immediate death from this dagger.

JUAN. Make your choice in a moment. Fire and furies! why do you hesitate.

BALTH. If I must die—let it not be a dry death. Give me the poison. O if sleep is its image, I have the soundest nap after lusty potations—As a dying man, masters, I have only one favour to ask. Brew

it

it up in good ale, brandy, or a warm bowl of Burgundy. Make my last potion as palatable as you can.

[*The bowl brought in.*]

ALV. This deadly bowl compos'd of aconite
The adder's venom, and the pois'nous juice
Of Hebenon distill'd,—the foam of roads
And canc'rous bag of mortal rattle-snake,
Will season up a rich repast for worms.

BALTH. A moment's pause—give me a short reprieve, perhaps I may——

JUAN. You trifle with our mercy. Swallow it this instant, or die by the sword.

BALTH. (*Drinking.*) Lud, lud, that ever I shou'd die by drinking. I feel it already run like quicksilver thro' my veins. Enough, enough, this is the first time that ever Balthazar wish'd to balk his glass.

CLAUD. Cover his face that we may not see his distortions. The poison already works. How pale he looks.

JUAN. His limbs are astonishingly bloated. What a rapid expansion of his body.

ALV. 'Tis the nature of this poison to bring on a torpidity till all the senses are benumb'd. Then the fermenting blood distends the vessels. Extravasation, and fever of the brain ensue, and death brings up the rear.

CLAUD. He cannot live many hours. Let us remove from the sad spectacle, and give orders for his interment. He was a fellow of some humour; but vanity got astride of his prudence.

BALTH. My pulses cease to beat. A heavy mist hangs o'er my eyes. My vital functions seem as if they would stop—Oh! oh!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Chamber.*

ROD. Ha! ha! the plot succeeds to a wonder. Have you got all the apparatus ready.

CLAUD. Here are masques and some of us will personate furies.

JUAN. Step in, and see if he is asleep, and we'll then begin the entertainment.

ROS. Poor fellow! Don't carry the jest too far, and hurt his mind by your pleasantries.

DOR. Never fear him. He has not been half punish'd for his impudence.

OSMIN. I remember to have heard him often boast of his intrigues with one Lucilla, and Chloris of Seville. Let's introduce them, and Ursula, in masquerade to torment him.

CLAUD. His imagination works wonderfully on him. If during his sleep we could get his coat and waistcoat taken in, and narrow'd a few inches, he will fancy he is swoln by the poison, as big as the Tun of Heidelbergh.

LEON. Leave that job to us. We'll make a strait waistcoat for him, I warrant.

SCENE VI.—*A spacious part of the Cavern.*

BALTHAZAR *drawn up aloft in a Chair.*

BALTH. Hum! ha! am I awake? am I Balthazar Loyola, or am I not? am I dead or alive? where am I? I've certainly quitted the earth, and am in some airy region! but, let me see, I've my warm flesh about me. I'm glad I have not parted with my old companion my body, it wraps my soul about like a great coat.—What horrid combustion! I shall run foul of the dog-star, or get within the fangs of the scorpion! Hark how they hiss! 'Tis as hot as under the tropics.

tropics. I am near the tail of some comet. Whiz, whiz! what a height I'm ascending. I grow quite giddy. If I should fall my limbs would be crush'd to powder. Sure the infernal regions have pour'd forth their legions to torment me.

Enter OSMIN, CLAUDIO, &c.

OSMIN. What my friend Balthazar! What still alive! you must have a constitution like an elephant. You have laid insensible for more than three hours.

BALTH. O, what a night I've had. Is it a dream or phantom of the brain!

CLAUD. A wonderful recovery—you have been in convulsions, and lay like a dead man. You never can survive the poison in you.

OSMIN. Compose yourself, and if you've ought to settle, be brief. A few short hours will terminate your life.

BALTH. Is there no remedy? I'm parch'd with heat! Oh!

OSMIN. Put on your cloaths—All help is now in vain.

The poison rages fierce in ev'ry vein
And storms the citadel—the vanquish'd heart.

BALTH. Let me see—let me take a last farewell of my best friend—myself! (*Looks at his whiten'd face in the glass*)—O Lord! O Lord! what an ashen colour! what a ghastly phiz—no signs of claret, no reflection of roast beef here.

OSMIN. You have no time to lose—to what a size he's swoln—The swelling blood must quickly burst its continents.

BALTH. Let me try—let me try—(*attempts to button his cloaths.*) Nay, now it's over with me sure enough—Five inches already in the girth. If I swell at this rate ev'ry hour I shall be as large as a cachat whale, with a ton of herrings in his belly. Help help—(*runs about the stage*) Balthazar Loyola, have you

you pamper'd this poor body with ev'ry delicacy to be a feast for worms! I'm ruin'd, undone!

JUAN. You are a sad spectacle, indeed! how his eyes roll!

BALTH. Dear master, if you have any pity, think, try, if there be ought in medicine to relieve me. I'll submit to your will.

JUAN. You know our sentence—aid perhaps is vain!

But die you must or marry Ursula—

BALTH. I'll do any thing, noble captain, couple me to a she-wolf, to a mill-horse, or prickly urchin: but save my life.

OSMIN. Small hope I have: but if his penitence
For what is past—his resolution firm
By marriage rites to heal the injur'd fame
Of the chaste Ursula,—appease you, Sirs,
Whate'er the pow'r of medicine can effect
I'll straight essay.—

BALTH. My blessings on you master.

JUAN. On this condition we repeal our sentence.

URS. Come then to my longing arms—this warm embrace. Yes, I forgive you all.

BALTH. I thank you Ursula, I thank you—(*wiping his nose.*)

URS. Shall we live like turtle doves—no bickerings, no quarrels, shall we dearest, shall we?

BALTH. Yes we shall—we shall—you suffocate me with your embraces.

URS. And shall we never, never part? Speak lovy—dear Balthazar.

BALTH. No, no, I say—(*aside*) you'll stick to me I warrant, like a leech or barnacles on a ship's bottom. Alas poor me. (*lead him out*)

OSMIN. Convey him to a bed,—while I prepare
The dulcet opiate, balm from herbs distill'd,
And all the min'ral kingdom can afford,
To quench the fires, that prey upon his vitals,

Convrt

Convert his blood to venom and his brain
O'erstrain to madness.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII.—*Near the mouth of the Cavern.*

JUAN. 'Tis midnight! terror stalks along the
plain,
The wolf and rav'nous tiger roam abroad,
While timid beasts and birds retire to shelter.
Now rapine, and stern murder, that apall'd
Shrunk from the face of day, erect their crests.
How dull and heavy move the limping hours,
Between a bold emprise, and its completion!
But, who comes here? Alonzo?

Enter ALONZO and BANDITTI, arm'd.

ALON. I greet you noble captain:—We're in motion,

And, panting, wait the orders for our march.

CAR. The sky is murky—and the raven croaks
A sad funereal knell—

JUAN. Well let it croak, and croak—True, well-tried valour

Is the best omen!—and commands success.

Let wolves and screech-owls bay the pale-fac'd moon,

We'll carve our fortunes, soldiers, with our swords.

CLAUD. What is our destination? What the plan?

JUAN. You Claudio, with a troop of twenty men,
Must lie in ambush on the road to Tarbes;
Some wealthy merchants are expected there.

—Thence joining all our numbers, we'll patrol
The road that skirts the forest; for 'tis rumour'd
Some convoy for the army, with much wealth,
Will pass that way.

—Now rouse your manhoods; an eventful hour
May crown our toils with days and years of triumph!

BAND.

BAND. Lead on! lead on, and, if intrepid spirits
Can claim success,—the glorious prize is ours!

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Third Act.

A C T IV.

SCENE I.—CLAUDIO and Robbers return'd from their
Expedition.

OSMIN. How sped you, Claudio?

CLAUD. Health to my gentle friend. We've had
a day

Big with events. We sallied forth, near morn,
And in close ambush lay for many an hour,
Hope panting in our breasts: till rising clouds
Bespoke some trav'lers near.——

Two carriages appear'd. Fierce rushing forth
We made them prisoners.—All the band agreed
To set them free: but Juan, fir'd to madness
By the fair captive's charms, prevail'd to keep
The father, daughter, and her maid in durance.

OSMIN. Of what condition seem'd they? Did the
booty
Reward your enterprize?

CLAUD. Their equipage was noble, and appear-
ance

Denoting opulence, and high distinction.
Much rich attire we found, and jewels, meet
To grace the wealthiest bride for nuptial show.
—But most their manners spoke high birth, and sta-
tion!

The venerable father threw his arms
Around his daughter's neck, as if to shield her

From

From any rude attack, and cried, my wealth,
My life, my all is yours; but spare my daughter!

OSMIN. 'Tis like she fainted in his arms,—her
terrors

Would prove too mighty for her gentle frame.

CLAUD. No, she display'd a courage 'bove her sex,
And cried, on me! on me! your vengeance hurl;
But spare these silver hairs,—nor hurt a head
Bow'd down with age and sorrow to the grave.

OSMIN. A most affecting scene!

CLAUD. Mov'd with her piety each sword was
sheath'd,

A noble pity thrill'd thro' every breast,
And tears bedew'd the hardiest warrior's face.

--The furl valour of our captain melted.

"Banish all fear, (he said) your life, your honour

"Shall be protected,—and your conqueror

"Be more your captive-slave, than you are his."

—The business settled, we with hasty-march
Convey'd them here.

OSMIN. Where are they now? How does the fair
unknown

Sustain her load of woes? Their fate alarms me.

CLAUD. A veil of pensiveness hangs o'er her
charms;

Which shine more mild and tenderly attractive

Than Cynthia's radiance thro' a fleecy cloud,

Or snow-drops bending with the pearly dew.

Silent she sits, and melancholy musing,

As rapt in sorrows deeper than the present,

Heaves many a piteous sigh—then hides a blush—

And falt'ring strives to cheer her father's griefs.

OSMIN. By ev'ry tie of friendship, by the pity
Which most adorns the brave, I pray thee, Claudio,
Watch o'er these captives cares, assuage their woes,
Protect from insult, each relief afford!

What means this strange solicitude—this weight
upon my heart?

H

CLAUD.

CLAUD. The gentle, kind Rosetta, waits her wishes,

Like some fond bird that hovers o'er her young;
But the sweet mourner, with her head reclin'd
Upon her snowy arm, indulges grief. [Exit.

SCENE II.—BALTHAZAR *meeting him.*

BALTH. Master, what hoa, master, I have been seeking for you, thro' every chamber of these subterraneous regions. A moment's audience, if you please. You despise your old servant in his misfortunes; but we know not the value of things till we lose them.

OSMIN. I am in no humour for long circumlocutions; if you have any material business, speak on.

BALTH. Look in my face and every feature will congratulate you. O, I have the rarest news to tell you! Say hereafter I have not an eye to your interest, and an ear ever open for your good?

OSMIN. What's your news? I've not a moment to spare?

BALTH. It is news that will rejoice, and displease you; make you grave and glad at the same moment: but which will preponderate, my metaphysical scales cannot determine to a scruple.

OSMIN. What does the fellow mean to insult me by this farrago of nonsense? Speak out, this instant, or I'll reduce your asses ears to the human size and quantity.

BALTH. Thus it is that well meant services are repaid: but ill usage shall not make me forget my duty to you.

OSMIN. Come to the point, come to the point; if it's material I'll reward you.

BALTH. You'll think no reward too high for my intelligence: but I ask no other than to be freed from my engagements with Ursula. I shall never enjoy a
solid

solid meal, or sound sleep, 'till I am, at least, a thousand miles from that Jezebel.

OSMIN. A plague light on you both—No patience can endure this. What do you mean, Sirrah?

BALTH. I'm very sorry that you have so formidable a rival, and that Lucinda should be in his power. I fear your sighs and struggles will be of no use. But its some comfort—

OSMIN. The fellow will distract me. Is this your news? That Don Pedro is my rival and Lucinda in his power. You are certainly out of your senses—

BALTH. You are quite on the wrong scent. I speak not of Don Pedro.

OSMIN. Who do you speak of then? I can hardly restrain myself.

BALTH. If you were to guess 'till doomsday, you will not be within a league of it. I saw them myself as I'm a finner. But you are so much out of humour, that who knows but you'll think it a misfortune, and the bearer will be as hateful as the ill tidings; I'll off with whole bones.—

OSMIN. Out of my sight, you coxcomb. If you was in my reach, I'd teach you to tantalize me. The fellow's brain is certainly turn'd by his late adventures—But here comes Juan.—

SCENE III.—*Enter* JUAN.

JUAN. ———A visit from me, Osmín, May much surprise you; but my disposition Ill brooks delay or form.—In few words, Sir, 'Tis in your pow'r to serve me, and in mine To make a fair requital.

OSMIN. 'Tis yours to order, mine to execute Whatever honour bars not.

JUAN. Claudio I find was with you,—he belike Has all the business of the day recounted;

Nor do I blush to own the pow'r of beauty
Has triumph'd o'er the sternness of my nature.

OSMIN. Love's fav'rite mansion is the heroe's
breast,
Where valour dwells to crush the haughty foe;
But worth and virgin innocence protect.

JUAN. Thus wou'd I use my pow'r. I would as-
suage

Our captive's grief, and bid her fears give place
To tranquil peace, gay hopes, and gentle love.
But quite unskill'd from youth in courtly parley
And soothing blandishments to win the fair,
I ask your friendly aid. Her tender frame
May need some cordial bland; thus fair occasion
You may embrace to quell her anxious doubts,
And bend her mind to listen to my passion.

OSMIN. I'll chearfully attend her.

JUAN. T'morrow visit her; and, if successful,
Freedom shall strait be yours, and wealth to crown it!
—But, if a peevish obstinacy prompt her
To scorn my vows—Juan will not neglect
The prize which fortune gave him: but, in spite
Of froward humours, make his captive happy.

OSMIN. I understand you, Sir: and will forthwith
Administer the aid her case requires:
—But pardon my advice—perhaps too forward.

JUAN. Speak on without disguise; for honest free-
dom,
Tho' grating to the ear, I value more
Than cold reserve and honied artifice.

OSMIN. Press not your suit too rashly; but let
time
Calm into peace the tumults of her breast.
By mild attentions, soft compliances,
Disarm the angry passions,—which might bar
Each avenue to love,—who proudly spurns
The tyrant's claims, but crowns the suppliant's
pray'rs.

JUAN.

JUAN. Well be it so—you shall my pilot be.
 But tell her Juan is a man unus'd
 To brook repulse, or stoop to abject fawning;
 Hot in resentment as he is in love,
 Who boldly *takes* what is not freely *giv'n*. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—DON SEBASTIAN, LUCINDA, ROSETTA.

ROS. Dear madam, do not abandon yourself to grief. Your person is not in danger, and Rosetta will do every thing she can, in her simple way to enliven your confinement. If I could bear half your sorrows for you, how cheerfully I'd do it. So much beauty was certainly intended to make some worthy man happy, and heav'n will protect you.

LUC. Sweet innocent! how much your sensibility endears you to me. If I were free, and in my former situation, how happy I would be to reward your affection, and make you my companion and friend!—But happiness was never intended for me, and freedom from this imprisonment would only expose me to a worse slavery.

SEBAST. Console yourself, my dear Lucinda, ev'ry tear you shed, wrings my heart. Ev'ry sigh reproaches me, as the cause of your misfortune: but if we are once more free, your wishes shall be mine.

LUC. O best of fathers! forgive the weakness of nature! I will subdue my griefs, and have no other cares but to remove yours. You ever wish'd to make me happy; and, if you err'd, it sprung from too partial an affection.—But some stranger enters.

Enter OSMIN.

OSMIN. Pardon, ladies, this intrusion. Don Juan sends his respects. He will rejoice to contribute to your pleasures.

LUC. Sure that voice is familiar to me. What ails my throbbing heart?

OSMIN.

OSMIN. What do I see? Is it possible? Am I awake? Or do my eyes deceive me? O blifs unhop'd for! 'tis she! 'tis she herself! it is Lucinda!

LUC. O, Osmin! is it *here, here*, do you meet with the wretched Lucinda?

OSMIN. What mingled fears and joys convulse my breast? But call not yourself wretched Lucinda, while Osmin lives to protect you. But, alas! perhaps your fate is already seal'd, and he can never hope to call you his.

LUC. Speak not of hopes, while doom'd to death or bondage. But know, Lucinda is not, nor ever will be, any one's, but yours.

OSMIN. O blifsful day! this turns my prison to a Paradise.—But pardon me, Sir, (*turning to Sebastian*) that I have been guilty of disrespect to you. Most deeply I regret your misfortune. But do not despair—Your deliverance is nearer than you expect.

SEBAST. This lucky meeting with you, revives my spirits, and is a good omen of success.

OSMIN. Rosetta's friend, Claudio, is our guardian angel. We have concerted a plan, which at a more convenient juncture I will explain to you. And now your fates are embark'd with ours, every nerve will be new steel'd, and the cause of virtue and innocence be found the cause of heav'n.

ROS. Dear madam, how much I partake of your mutual joy! Be confident of success, for my Claudio has a heart as firm and true as Osmin's; and will surmount every danger for our deliverance.

SEBAST. Worthy youth! how much have I undervalued your merits! to you I shall owe the safety of a daughter; and if her hand, and a father's gratitude can reward you, you shall be happy.

OSMIN. Such goodness far exceeds my poor deservings:
But by this hand (*taking her hand*) I swear, more
dear to me

Than

Than life or liberty, that whilst this blood
Shall animate my heart,—each drop of it
Shall be devoted to Lucinda's service!

LUC. Let me not, gallant Osmin, damp your
hopes;

But much I fear more dangers may obstruct
Our freedom hence, than you, perhaps, have counted.
Don Juan has already chill'd my heart
With his detested love.

OSMIN. He loves you, and alas! to me has giv'n
The odious task to soothe you to his wishes!
—But cold dissimulation I despise.

I'll urge my prior claim, our plighted faith.
Fierce tho' he is, true honour often sways
The gen'rous heart,—tho' clad in roughest mould.

LUC. Let not your honest zeal betray to weakness,
Trust to my constancy to ward his aims,
And use the confidence you now enjoy,
To choose, and best secure, our road to freedom.
—But lest suspicion, with her jealous eye
Our views discover,—prudence bids adieu!
And take our love, our pray'rs and safety with you.

OSMIN. I go—but, as an earnest of success, Lu-
cinda,
Dispel your cares, nor cloud with grief the mansion
Where virtue and sweet peace delight to dwell!
Think that your Osmin's life depends on yours
And banish every health-corroding thought.

SCENE V.—JUAN and ALONZO.

ALON. You think too deeply of so light a busi-
ness.
Shall Juan, whom no dangers can dismay
Cringe for a woman's smiles, like some poor pil-
grim,
Kneeling devoutly at a fainted shrine?
Fie on't! shake off this ague of the soul!

JUAN.

JUAN. How easy 'tis to bear the ills we feel not,
 Or praise the med'cines which we need not take!
 —But you are right—I was not form'd for cringing,
 To whisper nonsense in a lady's ear,
 Or like her lap-dog kiss the foot that spurns me.
 Her proud contempt, and cold indifference,
 Will soon extinguish love, and kindle hate
 In Juan's breast—unus'd to base submissions.

ALON. There spoke my friend! Who bends to arrogance,
 Or tamely brooks contempt and insult, courts them.

JUAN. Curse on my doating folly!—think, Alonzo,
 In language of a slave, in manner abject,
 With falt'ring speech my passion I disclos'd.
 While she with head askance and eye disdainful,
 Said coldly—that she thank'd me for my praise
 Above her merits: But she wish'd no more of't.

ALON. Mere female pride, and shallow artifice
 To fix you more her slave. Cou'd I believe
 That Juan e'er wou'd be a simple bubble
 For puling girls to blow and break at pleasure?

JUAN. Her father too, with insolence of birth,
 Spoke of I know not what,—of rank, and titles,
 Of pre-engagements, family distinctions;
 As if such base plebeian blood as mine
 Dishonour'd his by courting an alliance.
 —But, Sir, his bloated pride shall shrink anon,
 And she intreat for what she now refuses.

ALON. You have a conqueror's rights; but nobly
 chuse
 To wreathe her chains with flow'rs, and, as a gift
 Accept th' obedience which you might demand.

JUAN. Spite of myself, resentment, pride, and
 pow'r,
 Her dignity of manners awes my mind,
 And sinks me from her master to her slave.
 Her Father!—Ay! she loves him tenderly!
 This is the nerve to shake her apathy!

Her

Her hand shall be the ransom of his life.
 —But first, I'll try once more what humble suit
 And plaintive vows will do.—Farewell, my friend!
 When next we meet,—I pledge myself to prove
 A victor o'er my mistress,—or my love.

[*Exeunt:*

SCENE VI.—*A secret Cavern, CLAUDIO, with Conspirators.*

CLAUD. Our prospects brighten, friends!—and, if
 the news
 Which floats abroad be true, few of our band
 Will hesitate to join us.

ALV. What of the royal edict,
 Declaring pardon, peace, and amnesty,
 To such as quit their arms, and to allegiance
 Return within a certain time prescrib'd?

CAR. The rumour gathers strength,—and true or
 false,
 Gives fair occasion to promote our purpose.
 The tyrant Juan now receives obedience
 From fear alone. One well-directed effort
 Will crush his pow'r, and crown us all with freedom.

CLAUD. Goaded by savage lust, he now prepares
 To force the lovely captive to his wishes,
 And brand these dark abodes with rape and murder!
 —But for myself I swear!—

ALV. (*All rising*) And for us all!—For thus we
 pledge ourselves,
 To shield her virgin innocence from wrongs;
 Or perish in the glorious enterprise.

CLAUD. What then remains—But that, some
 chosen day
 We from the common ranks select such men,
 Faithful and tried, as we can best confide in,
 With views alledg'd of some bold enterprize;
 Then when Don Juan, or some other chief

I

Has

Has thinn'd our troops, and prowls about for prey,
 Our band returning may disarm the few
 Remaining home,—then set the captives free,
 And for ourselves gain life and liberty.

ALV. The measure's wife and meets with my concurrence.

CAR. So say we all. Agreed!

CLAUD. Then, as this juncture of a proffer'd pardon
 Should not be dallied with,—each moment's precious!

Mix we among the men and sound their temper,
 Spread wide the news and mould them to our purpose.

Each to his task—be active and despair not.

SCENE VII.—JUAN and LUCINDA.

JUAN. Unskill'd I am in speech—yet sweet Lucinda!

Scorn not the honest language of my love.
 —If to prefer you as your sex's pride,
 To seek the best reward of all my toils,
 In your soft smiles and growing happiness,
 —My choicest blis reflected still from yours:
 If these deserve return—accept them here!
 He lays them at your feet whom sov'reign beauty
 Cou'd never bend before; nor adverse storms
 Tame to unmanly grief or plaintive sighs.

LUC. Alas! How can a gen'rous spirit pain
 A wretch like me! by pray'rs I must deny.
 My gratitude you have: but this commands
 A frank refusal where it cannot grant.

JUAN. O yet delay awhile the stern decree,
 That seals my fate! Time will assuage your griefs,
 And all those mists of sorrow melt away,
 Which cloud my hopes, and make my vows disgusting.

LUC.

LUC. O! never, never!—Whilst this feeble heart,
Already shatter'd with rude gales of fortune,—
Shall beat with vital heat,—no charms of pow'r,
No grandeur, danger, terror, shall erase
The faithful image love has graven on it.

JUAN. There let it be: but, since, with proud contempt,

You scorn my vows,—remember you're my captive!

LUC. Midst all the horrors of your prison walls,
Your bolts and chains,—my mind shall still be free.
—But, does it well become the gallant Juan,
T'insult a helpless captive, and extort
—Ignoble prize!—a hand without a heart?

JUAN. Give me the hand, (*seizing her hand*) the
heart will quickly follow.

LUC. Is't come to this? Respect yourself Don
Juan!

What do you mean?—this rude attack forbear!
—Your vengeance I defy—the hardiest ruffian
That rifles in your troop, will yet protect
My sex from insult, and the cause maintain
Of virgin honour, injur'd innocence.

JUAN. No! these arms shall be your best protector,
Guard you from—(*attempts to embrace her.*)

LUC. Villain avaunt! I hate, and I despise you.
(*Rings the bell.*)

What servants ho!—Dear Rosetta!

Enter SEBASTIAN.

SEB. Whence this alarm?—Ha! what my daughter?

What ails my child? Sure no one dare insult you!

[*Lucinda flies to his arms.*]

O best of parents! have you liv'd to this!
To see your daughter in a ruffian's hands?
Defenceless, unprotected—but by heav'n!

SEB. Is it possible? O, wretched daughter! miserable old man!

The loss of freedom, life, I cou'd have borne:
But here to tamely see my child insulted.
O grief unutterable!—Detested villain!
Old as I am, this arm should punish home—
—But we're your prisoners.

JUAN. You are.—And if you wantonly refuse
The honours tender'd, you must count the cost.

SEB. Dishonourable wretch,—cold-blooded dastard!

To play the tyrant with a helpless maiden!

JUAN. I've been too passive with you; much too gentle;

Misplac'd indulgence genders spleen and choler.
Lock'd in some gloomy cell, for musing fit,
Time may abate your pride, and calm your rage,
And teach you milder terms than *villain, dastard*;
For such you gave, and threaten'd mutiny.
Here guards!—

Enter Guards.

Secure this malecontent, this mutineer,
And in the darkest dungeon chain him down,
Where, midst the tangling snakes, and bloated toads,
He may disgorge the venom of his mind.

LUC. Good Sir! O gentle Sir!—spare, spare my father!

His crime is love to me. His voice was nature's!
O, on my bended knees I supplicate
Pardon for him.—If punishment be due,
On me discharge it all.—Mine all the guilt;
If guilt it be to vindicate my honour!

SEB. Dry up your tears—I am a poor old man,
Whose cares will soon be buried in the grave.
O, yet a last embrace.—Lucinda weep not!

JUAN. Go! go! I'll hear no more.—Bear him away.

SEB.

SEB. Heav'n shield my child! for me or death or life

Boots little, if my daughter live with honour.

JUAN. Soldiers! do your duty. Convey him instantly as order'd. [Exeunt.

End of the Fourth Act.

A C T V.

SCENE I.—LUCINDA *walking in great agitation, and then sitting pensive.* ROSETTA, and FLORA, attending her.

LUC. Enough, enough—my heart can bear no more!

FLOR. Dear madam, speak to me; 'Tis your Flora, she begs it on her knees.

LUC. Barbarian! Where is my father? O give me back my father. *He* never injur'd you. Let your vengeance fall on me; but spare his innocent old age.

ROS. Her grief will drive her to distraction (*aside*) My sweet Lucinda, compose yourself!—O how I pity you.

LUC. Kind soul!—Have I yet a friend that pities me?

ROS. Behold my tears—I would as freely shed my blood for your relief. O, moderate your sorrows.

LUC. Have I not cause for sorrow? My dear Rosetta, have you a father?

Ros.

ROS. Alas! I am a poor orphan. I know not who my parents are—or whether I have any living—they have long been dead to your poor Rosetta.

LUC. I had a father yesterday—a most affectionate and generous father! O, what is he now suffering? his venerable head on the cold pavement—the chilling damps hang on his brow—and yet he lifts his aged hands to heav'n, and prays for blessings on his child. O, 'tis too much! (*weeps*)

FLO. Her heart is bursting with anguish.—Her tears perhaps will assuage it.

ROS. Dearest Lucinda, I cannot condemn your grief—never was there a worthier father—never a more cruel monster than Juan.

LUC. You are too kind. I thought every heart was harden'd against the poor Lucinda. Weep not for me—my woes are incurable. Alas! I was born to give pain to all who lov'd me.

ROS. Generous lady—we are all your friends. Not a soldier in the ranks, but detests the tyrant—

LUC. Heav'n reward them!—But kind Rosetta—if I could but see my father—were it only to bid him a last adieu, and bathe his feet with my tears—O, try, my friend, your eloquence, for this last favour, Juan perhaps may grant you this boon.

ROS. He will. I'll fly to him, and beg it on my knees. It will amuse his hopes, and give our friends time to consult.

LUC. Best of women! take this embrace—Delay not a moment, tell him that he now has it in his power to grant me the highest boon—to spare—to be tender to my father—that I will be his humble suitor on my knees—that if offence was given it was not my father, but me who offended!

ROS. His heart of adamant must relent at such distress. Flora will attend you. Despair not: but expect me immediately with good tidings? adieu.

SCENE

SCENE II.—OSMIN *and* CLAUDIO.

OSMIN. What shall I do?—Let me not think of it!

—Accursed monster! execrable villain!

What offer violence? what dare insult

Lucinda?—But I'll have revenge—revenge!

—'Twill sweeten death or torture.—But why speak
Of tortures? for what wheel, what rack can equal
The pangs that wring my soul?—Why do I linger?

—O, Claudio lend your dagger! now compleat
The measure of your friendship.

CLAUD. Restrain, dear Osmine! this impetuous
rage.

What would you do?

OSMIN. What you, what ev'ry man would do:
Seek out

The villain in his deepest dark recess,

Tell him of mine, and of Lucinda's wrongs,

And plant this dagger in his brutal heart:

—I must away.

CLAUD. By heav'ns I feel your injuries most
deeply:

—But why permit the tempest of your passion

To tear up every hope we long have foster'd?

Juan, with guards furrounded, may defy

Your hottest rage, and drive it on yourself,

On me, on all your friends,—but chief Lucinda.

OSMIN. I'm lost in doubt. To act or to delay.

My head with thought's perplexing eddies whirls.—

True, if I fail, my love will be expos'd

To uncurb'd lust, and brutal violence;

Intomb'd alive,—or, like a trembling lamb

Inclos'd within a hungry tiger's cage!

O prospect black with horror!——But ev'n now,

This moment, while I pause, may prove decisive!

The dye is cast,—the villain scorns disguise:

Her

Her father breathes his last in some dark dungeon,
 And she must fall a victim to his passions!
 Perhaps this very hour—I hear her shrieks!
 She calls on me for aid: but calls in vain.
 —Curse on the monster, that thus dare profane
 Such heav'n-born virtue!—But his doom is fix'd.
 I will away.—The very shadow, possibility
 Of such a deed, distracts me.

CLAUD. Let not, dear Osmín! fancy's images
 Delude the steady vision of your mind.

—Lucinda is protected.—When her father,
 By Juan's stern decree, was ravish'd from her;
 Rosetta flew to share her sister's sorrows,
 Support her fainting head and calm her fears;
 Alvarez' wife, whose gentle soul still beats
 In unison with hers, will guard Lucinda,
 With all a sister's, friend's, and mother's care.

OSMÍN. Thanks to thee, Claudio,—my best leading
 star!

O, what a load of anguish you've remov'd
 From this frail heart! Direct me as you please.
 I will be patient.—But say when, my friend,
 The happy day will come for our release?
 Is ought determin'd? any time appointed?

CLAUD. The fair Lucinda has prevail'd, this
 night,
 To visit her dear father in his prison,
 Attended by Don Juan, and Rosetta.
 —That juncture we'll embrace as opportune
 To form our force, disarm all opposition,
 Secure the gates, and ope an easy passage
 To light and liberty.

OSMÍN. Delightful thought! new vigour steels
 my soul.

—Yet, yet we may be blest,—Lucinda mine!
 O with what ling'ring pace the hours will creep
 'Twixt this and execution!

CLAUD.

CLAUD. Take these arms; conceal them in your cell:

And when the time admits,—I know your valour
Will use them gallantly:—But, O, beware
Of any rash improvident affray;
As you may value freedom, life, Lucinda!
Farewel, my friend, the night draws on apace;
I must depart.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—SEBASTIAN *chained in the Dungeon.*

SEBAST. Why does the dart of death hang trembling o'er me?

O come, thou friend of wretches! wrap my soul
In sweet oblivion and dumb apathy!
—One boundless waste of drear despair surrounds me;

Poor miserable old man!—One darling child
I cherish'd, from her birth;—made her the point
Where all my dearest hopes and pleasures center'd:
—But when the harvest of my bliss was ripe,
A cruel spoiler comes, and levels all.

—Yet, why complain of fate?—I, I alone
Have been the guilty cause of all her woes.

—I cross'd and check'd the current of her love,
Tore from her breast a flow'r of rich perfume,
To place a loathsome nettle in its stead.

—The martyr fix'd her placid eyes on heav'n,
And smil'd serenely 'midst consuming flames.

—Pour then, ye fates! your judgments on my head;
Tho' bow'd with grief and age, resign'd I'll bear
The storm: but spare, O spare my child!

Nor, let brutality pollute a fane
Sacred to filial piety and love!

Enter ROSETTA and LUCINDA.

—But ha! what good unhop'd for!—dear Lucinda!

K

Once

Once more these tear-dim'd eyes behold my daughter!
(*embraces her.*)

Once more these wither'd arms, once more encircle
My age's staff and comfort!

LUC. My father! O, my father!

SEBAST. Why weeps my child? Be comforted, for
soon

All will be well.—I am not ill provided.

My cell, tho' small, is yet not inconvenient.

LUC. O, have I liv'd to this,—burst, burst, my
heart!

To see thee in this damp and noisome dungeon
Inhaling poisons; like a murderer,
Chain'd to a floor cold, deadly, and obdurate
As Juan's flinty breast!

SEBAST. You magnify my sufferings.—They are
light.

Dry up your tears. They soften and unman me.
Don Juan will relent:—or, if he should not,
Heav'n suits the strength and patience to the trial.

LUC. O that the tyrant would accept my life
A sacrifice for yours: but to be his!
A pander to his lust!—In some dark tomb
Tied to a mould'ring trunk, I'd sooner weep
Life's sad remains away.

ROS. Gentle Lucinda! O my much-lov'd lady!
O'ercharge not thus the picture of your woes.
Beauty, which soothes the prowling lion's rage
And quenches the keen light'nings of his eyes,
Will awe the fiercer Juan to respect.
Is not my Claudio's? Is not Osmin's arm
Prepar'd to guard you from his brutal force?
Prepar'd to crush his pow'r and set us free?
—But peace! what noise is this?—I hear Don Juan.

Enter JUAN.

JUAN. Perhaps my presence is unseasonable.
I hope this conference may prove propitious

To

To you, to me.—For trust me measures harsh
Are alien to me :—Shall this hand be mine?
Your father free? and love and joy succeed
This angry tempest?

LUC. If all Peruvia's treasures were Lucinda's,
Freely I'd give them for my father's freedom :
Or if to toil all day, and weep all night,
Perform each menial office at your bidding
Can pay his ransom—see your willing slave.
—But sooner hope to fan into a flame
Yon snowy hills, or force the torrent upward,
Than hope to kindle love by rude compulsion.

JUAN. Are these your fix'd resolves?—Then thus
I banish

This puling, whining softness from my heart.
I'll be no more a mendicant in love,
To crouch and palter at a captive's feet.—
—But ere my vengeance fall,—remember, madam,
This is the final hour of grace and mercy.
Think of yourself—and what you owe your father.

SEBAST. She owes me nothing.—Well she has re-
paid

Each bond of filial love.—Henceforth she's free.
—Forget me, dear Lucinda! Or, think of me
As of a poor old man, who sighs for death.
As for a peaceful haven, free from storms.

LUC. O! say not so my father!

JUAN. A truce to all this vain bombast of sor-
row :

Are you resolv'd to grant my suit? or suffer—

SEBAST. Waste not your rage in idle menaces.
Behold a willing victim! Why delay?

Here is my breast—strike deep and set me free!

—But, if you have a father;—if you ever

Have fondly hung upon a mother's breast,

Think what a father feels,—and spare my daugh-
ter!

JUAN. Yes, I will spare the pretty innocent,
To please my leisure hours. Her silken plumage
Will gratify my eye; and pamper'd richly
With ev'ry delicacy, the sweet warbler
Shall sing and hop about her wiry cage,
Forgetting you and freedom.

SEBAST. Detested wretch! base cowardly assassin!
For sure, true valour never can consort
With harden'd guilt, and cold revenge like thine.

JUAN. —Take then the boon you ask,—perverse
old man! *(drawing his Sword.)*
And since you will not grace Lucinda's nuptials;
—She—shall perform the fun'ral rites for you.

(Lucinda and Rosetta kneeling and holding his arm.)

LUC. Help, help! O yet a moment stay.

JUAN. Off! off! your tears and pray'rs are now in
vain.

LUC. O Heav'n support me! Save my father,
save!

If ever gentle pity mov'd your breast;
If ever hope of pardon from above;
If e'er you felt one tender thought for me,
Have mercy on his age.

JUAN. You know my terms, his life or death
Depends on your decision.

LUC. My mad'ning brain is fir'd! I know not
what!

Grant me a little pause—a short reprieve!
Time may perhaps— My poor distracted heart!

JUAN. Ha! what noise is this; who dares in-
trude?

Enter OSMIN with a Sword.

OSMIN. Hold! hold, I charge you—

JUAN. Ha, traitor, vile dissembler! what mean
you here.

(Osmin rushes on him, throws him down and disarms him.)

OSMIN.

OSMIN. Your life is in my hands. Submit, or die!

Sebastian take his sword.

LUC. Be merciful—stain not your hands with blood.

JUAN. Curse on my folly! thus to be dup'd by women,
And beardless boys!

Enter CLAUDIO, ALVAREZ, and CARLOS.

CLAUD. Thus far success has crown'd us. Set Sebastian
Free from his chains, And let us leave Don Juan
A pris'ner in his stead.

(Free Sebastian and chain Juan.)

JUAN. Perdition seize ye all—perfidious slaves!

SEBAST. O hour of joy!—My blessings on you all.

LUCINDA, OSMIN, take this warm embrace.

ALV. The time is precious! every post secur'd,
And all our followers panting for escape,
My wife's impatient for her dear Rosetta.
Take no baggage—But jewels and such dress
As may be needful. Come, be on the wing.

OSMIN. My joy represses speech. Come dear Lucinda,
Worthy Sebastian, haste to liberty.

LUC. How much more sweet will our deliv'rance be
Since purchas'd by my Osmine.

CLAUD. Your hand, Rosetta.—Rouse your spirits, love,
Let not the big event alarm you. Cheer!

ROS. This sudden turn of fortune overwhelms me;
I fear no danger. Let us seek my mother.

JUAN. Go, base deserters! hollow-hearted traitors!

Go

Go bear away your spoils of treachery.

—But—O beware! of ever meeting Juan.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Near Bareges.*

OSMIN, SEBASTIAN, &c.—*and the Ladies in their flight,*
BALHAZAR *with baggage on his back.*

BALTH. Well, after all, nothing's like liberty to make a man bear his burdens cheerfully. There's not a porter in Constantinople could have sustain'd half this load on his shoulders.—'Tis true, I'm a little out of breath; but that comes of confinement and good living; which make a man as grofs, purfy, and short-winded, as a stall'd ox or coop'd capon.—But hoo masters, I see lights. Is not that Bareges before us?

OSMIN. My eyes deceive me, or I see the town,
Fam'd for its min'ral waters and its baths.
Courage my friends! one effort more will put us
Beyond the reach of danger.

CLAUD. Support yourself upon my arm, Rosetta,
This rugged road, and long laborious march,
Exhaust your tender frame.

Ros. All toil is light with you. These rough encounters
Will yield new pleasures in a tranquil hour,
Making the calm seem calmer.

OSMIN. Auspicious night! Thus far, without
disaster,
Our march is good. Pursuit is now in vain.
And one short-hour will lodge us safe in harbour.

ALV. Methinks I hear the feet of passengers.
Halt all, be mod'rate, firm, and fear not.

LUC. Heav'n protect us; I hope there is no danger.

OSMIN.

OSMIN. None, love! belike it is the public watch
That nightly scours the country to assist
Defenceless travellers.

Enter Patrole arm'd.

PAT. Whence and what are you?

SEBAST. Friends,—loyal men, and true, who wish
to go
The nearest road to town.

OFFIC. If friends, we will protect you; but if
foes,

Lay down your arms, or you may mourn the issue.

SEBAST. Conscious of innocence, we freely yield
Our arms, demanding safe conveyance hence
To some chief magistrate; where, with full proof,
Our names and quality we will disclose,
And claim the law's protection.

OFFIC. In the King's name I do arrest you all,
And seize these goods. Comrades, let none escape.

BALTH. Then shoulders quit your trust. (*throws
down his load.*) In the King's name
If you arrest this baggage,—take charge of it.
To your most kind protection I consign it,
And envy not the trophies which you bear.

SOLD. These are some of the gang I warrant, that
have so long infested this neighbourhood. We've
cas'd them of good plunder.

2d SOLD. Some of the rogues will swing, and we
have a handsome reward.

1st SOLD. Two of them I can swear to; for they
did

Most noble execution, when they plunder'd
The King's convoy of treasure.

OFFIC. To the first judge convey the prisoners.
His sentence will decide their fate; mean while
Treat them with clemency, and for each scruple
Each item of their goods, be answerable.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.—*Bareges.*

Court, JUDGE on the Bench and Prisoners at the Bar.

JUD. Most worthy Signior, (*to Sebastian*) we have heard with pity
Your strange eventful tale,—the painful trials
You and your captiv'd daughter have endur'd ;
Of your deliv'rance gallantly atchiev'd
By these brave youths, and their approv'd companions,
And of their prudent purpose to accept
The royal grace and pardon tender'd them :
Much I applaud them; and when these averments
Are sanction'd well by proofs,—such rich deservings
No doubt, will meet with lib'ral compensation.
But 'tis our duty to suspend belief,
Till you produce some vouchers for your credit,
Some citizens approv'd who know you well,
Your station, character, and general claim
To confidence and trust.

SEBAST. Two worthy men I know of that description,
Don Ferd'nand and Antonio. I have sent
To cite them here upon the wings of friendship.

JUD. No gentlemen of more establish'd honour
Adorn the age.—Their zeal bespeaks their love.
I see them coming.

FERD. (*Embracing him.*) Welcome my long-lov'd
friend—what strange disaster
Has brought you here? You, from whom injur'd virtue
Has ever fought, nor fought in vain, protection.

JUD. The cause and circumstance of his detention
We wave recital of: but ask at present
Some warranty of his good character,
His rank in life and tenor of his conduct.

FERD.

FERD. Pardon me, Sir, if, as my friend is present,

I cannot speak so largely as he merits.
But, if to risk my fortune on his word,
My reputation, life, upon his faith,
His loyalty and prudence,—may claim credit,
I pledge them here.

ANT. And I, who knew him from his youth, will join

In the same bond,—tho' my heart's dearest blood
Were stak'd the forfeit of his fallacy.

JUD. Then I pronounce him free: so are you all,
All free: but, first, ere you depart from hence,
To each the oath I will administer
Of due submission and allegiance true:
Of this anon.—But tell me, good Sebastian,
How 'mongst the trinkets here delivered me
In custody, as stol'n,—appears a bracelet
And other costly ornaments, inscrib'd
With Ferd'nand's arms, and his late lady's name,
—And other characters, which strongly note
They once were his, or of his family.

ALV. Those female ornaments, most reverend Signior,
Are the sole fortune, sad inheritance
Of poor Rosetta;—this dear, much-lov'd orphan.

FERD. Mysterious case! Permit me to inspect
That casket, that apparel—Gods, is't possible!
These very jewels I purchas'd for my wife,
And all these little favours were bestow'd
Upon our age's hope, my long-lost daughter.
How did you get them, say? when, where, good lady?

To whom did you affirm they appertain'd?

ALV. Full ten fair suns have had their annual rounds,
Since this sweet maid,—then a mere prattling girl
Some eight years old, was captur'd by our band,

L

And

And with these jewels, and this rich attire,
Deliver'd to my care.

FERD. The circumstances, name, and time agree,
—My daughter, if I err not, had a mole
Upon her neck, and a small purple stain,
Which her fond mother's fancy call'd a grape.

ALV. See, see—the marks are here! O wond'rous
chance!

FERD. Is this Rosetta?—It must, it must be her!
I see her mother's beauties copied there.
'Tis nature speaks within me! 'tis my daughter!
Dear child! forgive a father's fond embrace.

ROS. O long despair'd of day! O rich reward
For all my sorrows past! no more a captive,
No more an unrelated, hopeless orphan!

CLAUD. And on my knees, let me too ask your
blessing.

I lov'd your daughter, priz'd her for herself,
When both her birth and fortune were unknown.
O let not then this current of success
Shipwreck my fondest hopes?

FERD. Rise, gentle youth, and, if I find your vir-
tues

Deserve Rosetta's choice,—she shall be yours.
What is your father? where does he reside?

CLAUD. Don Lopez of Grenada. One whose
goodness

Well merited a wiser, worthier heir.

FERD. I knew him well. He died, some twelve
months since,

And left his wealth and titles to his son:—

—But more of this hereafter.—Your hand old friend!

[to Sebastian.

Let us retire and share our gen'ral joy.

LUC. O Ferdinand! you know not half the value
Of this rich gem which fortune has restor'd you.

Dearest Rosetta! (*embraces her*) blessings light upon
you.

OSMIN.

OSMIN. O let me speak—but I can ne'er describe
The talents, courage, virtues of my Claudio;
To him we owe our lives, and you your daughter.

ROS. (*To Donna Alvarez*) shall I forget you?—No,
thou best of friends!

Rank, titles, opulence, shall more recall
My kind instructress, guardian,—more than mother!

SEBAST. Much do I owe to Claudio, much to Osmin,
And well have weigh'd our daughters' prudent choice.

Then, lest some new misfortune should divide
Their long-prov'd loves, to-morrow let the bands
Of holy hymen join each happy pair,
And fill the common measure of our blifs.

FERD. If on examination all agree
I'll not object.

BALTH. What have I done master, after drinking
with you so deeply of your bitter draughts, not to
be allow'd to pledge you in your bowl of prosperity.
Since wedlock is the fashion, let Flora and I make
the trio. I'll not starve on commons while my
neighbours fatten in inclosures.

OSM. What has wrought this change in you, Sirrah?
You who dreaded matrimony more than purgatory
or a lean Lent.

BALTH. Prevention master, prevention, many a
nauseous dose is swallow'd by way of antidote. I
shall put Flora in possession of this dear person,—to
have and to hold—to bar the claims of Ursula.
Who would not take a preventive against a plague
worse by ten fold than any of Pharaoh's! A wife—
old, ugly, jealous, a miser, and a scold? Lord have
mercy on poor Pharaoh, she would have soon claw'd
the Egyptian into compunction.

OSMIN. Well, no more! we have no objection to
your plan of reform, if Flora will attempt your cure.

JUD.

JUD. You gentlemen, who mean to take the oaths,
 I'm ready to attend. Signiors, farewell !
 But recollect, that, on some fair occasion
 I shall expect a full distinct narration
 Of all your perils, trials, and adventures,
 Which teach this lesson—*Never to despair !*
 On life's wide sea, in sorrow's gloomy night,
 Still keep alive hope's animating light,
 Stem the rough tide, with patience firm and even,
 Act well your parts, and leave the rest to heaven !

[*Exeunt.*]



FINIS.

